THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded by Benjamin Franklin

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CONFESSIONS OF A JUROR

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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CONFESSIONS OF A JUROR

By PERCIVAL SALTUS

AUTHOR OF HIS DAY IN COURT, A WHITE CAT

NINETEEN talesmen had been sworn and examined, every one of whom had been either excused for cause or challenged peremptorily, before my name was called, and I made my way in as dignified a manner as I could through the crowd in the courtroom to the witness-chair. I took the oath to true answers give to all questions put to me in regard to my fitness to serve as a juryman in the case of the People against John Stanton, charged with murder, and, in answer to the interrogatories of the Assistant District Attorney, stated in a clear voice that my name was Roger Gilman, that I was by profession an editor, married, childless, had no opinion on the merits of the case (I admitted having read more or less about it, but, of course, did not believe everything I saw in the papers), and would follow the law as laid down by the Court.

From my seat I could see Stanton nod to his lawyer at the conclusion of my examination. Earlier in the morning the prisoner had been pointed out to me by my friend Smith, whom, to our mutual surprise, I had encountered at the door of the courtroom in the act of presenting his subpœna to the officer on duty.

"Hello, Gilman!" he cried, poking me in the back. "So they've got you, too, have they? Well, it'll be an exciting case. Between you and me, the fellow ought to get it in the neck. I suppose they'll frame up some sort of a plea for sympathy—'unwritten law' or something. All rot! That doesn't go here. The girl is a clever little one, though. I saw her once at the theatre."

He gave me a few details about the case which he had read and of which I had not heard, and added some anecdotes about Stanton's prodigal career.

"The People are satisfied," said the Assistant District Attorney, after a conference with his chief, during which they scrutinized me with a care that was a shade annoying.

"The defense is more than ready to accept Mr. Gilman," supplemented, with a genial smile, the rotund, ecclesiastical-looking lawyer for the prisoner. I could not help feeling a certain confidence in the man, even though from my previous knowledge of the case I knew he was intending to mislead me later by an appeal to mawkish sentiment.

"Juror, look upon the defendant; defendant, look upon the juror," intoned the clerk, while there was a furious dashing of pencils throughout the courtroom.

Stanton arose and looked at me unsteadily. I fastened my gaze on his mouth, which kept twitching slightly. I could not have met his eye. I suddenly wished that I had run away to Europe, or lied about myself on the witness-stand.

"—— a true verdict to find upon the evidence, so help you God!" concluded the clerk sonorously.

"I do!" I answered defiantly.

"Take your seat in the box," said the clerk, and I entered and sank down in the foreman's chair, while the court officer handed me my rubbers and overcoat with elaborate attentiveness.

I experienced a momentary feeling of importance, which was instantly succeeded by the recollection of having read that defendants' lawyers always endeavored to get the least intelligent-looking men they could on the jury. After all, it was not much of a compliment. I must have looked "easy."

Smith was the next talesman called, and I was astonished at the assurance with which, after what he had said to me in the morning, he asserted that he could lay aside any previously-formed opinion and render a fair and impartial verdict. He is a clean-cut fellow, with a well-shaped head, and both sides accepted him.

"Well," he said, seating himself beside me. "We've got to make the best of it. I hope it won't take forever. This publicity makes me sick. There is a woman back there who has just drawn a picture of you for the Sphere—it is something fierce—and labeled it 'Juror Gilman's tender mouth and sympathetic eye.' By this time she is probably doing me under the title, 'Smith, the human bulldog.'"

"It's sickening," I answered, mentally resolving from that moment to become adamant.

"Jurors will not converse during the trial," growled the Judge, tapping with his gavel and glaring in our direction. Somehow, it seemed rather unnecessary of him, and that he was taking an unfair advantage to assert his own importance.

Smith and I said no more, and gradually the box began to fill up. At lunchtime the Judge informed us that he was compelled under the law to admonish us not to converse about the trial among ourselves and not to form or express any opinion as to the defendant's guilt or innocence. Then the spectators were instructed to retain their seats while we filed out of court, and, flanked by policemen, we marched to a distant and very dirty restaurant, where arrangements had been made for feeding us.

I found my fellow-jurors sufficiently agreeable and moderately intelligent men of the commercial type, and it seemed to me that the State had managed very cleverly to select a majority who had the undershot jaw and cold, determined expression that one is wont to associate with the traditional Roman senator. For one thing, they were all "wise" to their job, as the saying is, and it was the consensus of opinion that there must be a good deal of "pull" connected with the selection of the very undesirable hostelry to which we had been conducted. Smith blamed the District Attorney, and expressed it as his opinion that it was bad tactics to send us to such a place for our meals, asserting rather loudly that he expected to be treated like a "white man."

From Which Had Been Cut All Reference to the Case

On the way back we were followed by a large crowd of loafers, who hollered at intervals: "Let him go! Acquit him! Served the other fellow right!" These, Smith alleged, were probably hired by Stanton's lawyers, and I suspected as much myself, but reminded him that the Judge had instructed us not to talk about the case. Smith slowly drew down an eyelid, and inquired if I thought he cared a "tinker's cuss" for any directions an old fool like that might see fit to give. He had sworn to render a true verdict—not to allow himself to be bullied and treated like a small child. To this I said nothing, deeming it incompatible with my dignity as foreman.

As we passed "Newspaper Row" I could not help catching a glimpse of a huge bulletin, headed "Every Woman's Heart Throbs for Katherine Stanton."

"Ugh!" cried Smith. "Doesn't that make you ill?"

"Is her name Katherine?" I asked in spite of myself. Then I avoided Smith's inquiring look and hid my confusion by lighting a cigar, for Smith had been an usher at my wedding three years before.

Once we were in court again events began to move rapidly enough. The jury was completed, and the case opened for the People. The District Attorney called our attention to the importance of the case, owing to the publicity given to it. An unfair verdict would have an immeasurable influence for evil. Stanton had approached Briggs, his victim, on a public street, and shot him dead without a moment's warning. It was a deliberate and premeditated killing. The State would ask for a verdict of murder in the first degree.

One by one the prosecution called its witnesses—policemen,

It was as if We Had Voted Already

spectators, doctors, and the wife of the deceased, and "rested" before adjournment. I did not see the necessity of the appearance on the stand of Mrs. Briggs, for she testified to nothing connected with the homicide. Smith whispered it was a "play," and I confess it seemed so to me. At five o'clock we were dismissed for the day and tramped in column of twos to a cheap hotel downtown, where Kate had already sent my valise, some books which I intended to review, and a complete outfit for "bridge." There was also a verbal message transmitted through a police attendant that my wife hoped I would be comfortable, and to think of her. I wondered if she intended anything significant by the last four words. I supposed not, for I had once heard her speak of the Stanton girl as "a little cat."

The recital of the witnesses had left no doubt in my mind but that the homicide was the plainest sort of deliberate murder, with jealousy or revenge as its motive. No other conclusion seemed possible.

After dinner we made two parties at bridge and played until eleven o'clock, at a cent a point. Sturtevant, one of the other jurors, mentioned during a pause that Stanton and the gang he ran with often played for a dollar a point, and this led to an interchange of comments on what a fool thing it was for a man who had millions and everything in the world to live for to throw himself away like that. If he were a day laborer or a waiter in a restaurant, just able to make two ends meet, with a whole bunch of kids and a sick wife, it would have been different! But Stanton! Think what the fellow *had!* "Only think what we'd *do* if we had his money," said Smith. "Gentlemen," said I, "as your foreman, I must ask you not to discuss the case."

"All right—'Judge,'" replied Smith sarcastically.

At breakfast the next morning the captain of the court squad handed us papers from which had been cut all reference to the case—what remained appearing to be composed mostly of "want ads." and stock-market reports. The first two sheets of each had been torn out, and I began to realize how vitally the public were interested in the outcome of the case.

At half-past ten we reached the courtroom, every corner of which was jammed with a heterogeneous crowd. Stanton seemed composed and confident, and his counsel, Mr. Farr, the embodiment of good nature. Farr had a world-wide reputation as a criminal lawyer who had never lost a capital case. He had practiced chiefly in another State, where his eloquence was a byword, and the fact that he had been retained had in itself created a rather unfavorable impression, for it seemed an open admission that the defense would be simply a play for popular sympathy. In truth, there was a distinct, although unformulated, feeling on the part of most of us that the defense was something against which we must steel ourselves, and that, if we allowed it to influence us, we would obviously be made the dupes of florid rhetoric and the charms of a pretty face. It was, so to speak, "up" to us to show that that kind of thing didn't "go" with an intelligent jury.

When Farr arose and bowed deferentially to the Court, most of us did not look at him at all, and I was surprised to find that he was speaking in a low, conversational tone and using the language of ordinary discourse. He congratulated us on the speed with which the trial had progressed, called our attention to the fact that he had hardly cross-examined the prosecution's witnesses at all, and assured us that the defense would be equally brief.

"I deeply regret, gentlemen," he said, with apparent sincerity, "that the sensational press has created so false an impression as to what the defense will be in this case. We appeal to no 'unwritten' or 'higher' law. We know none such. The only law we recognize is the law of the land, and on that we rely. We shall prove to you—and I say this with the most entire confidence—that John Stanton was mentally irresponsible at the time he shot Alwyn Briggs, and that he was made so by what his wife had told him of the latter. If that is so, lamentable as the act may have been, he must be acquitted at your hands."

I must admit that Mr. Farr's directness inspired in me a certain feeling of confidence and approval. There was to be, at least, no dodging of the question or confusion of issues. Of course, I knew that they could not prove that Stanton had been mad—that was ridiculous. But, anyhow, they were going to try, and they were entitled to a fair chance. We must give Stanton a run for his money.

The first witness was a doctor who testified that Stanton had always been nervously excitable—"temperamentally emotional," he called it, and gave it as his opinion that the act of the defendant was, under all the circumstances, irrational in character. He pointed out that many a man could be conclusively adjudged insane on the basis of a single act, giving as an illustration the motiveless killing by a mother of her children, toward whom she had always shown the tenderest affection.

I am sure that my colleagues paid little attention to his evidence, since it was so obviously biased (he was the family doctor); but the District Attorney subjected him to a cross-examination so severe and exhaustive that at the end of a couple of hours nothing whatsoever remained of his testimony. Indeed, so withering was the blast that Smith whispered to me: "This is not war; this is murder." It was like kicking a corpse around a vacant lot.

"I'm—I've—I—Can't Stand it Any Longer!"

Inside the rail, a space constructed to accommodate four or five persons only, there were crowded sixteen members of the District Attorney's professional staff and several alienists. Behind them twoscore "special writers" from the big dailies were herded in a compartment by themselves. On the bench sat two learned members of the Supreme Court, anxious, ostensibly, to assist their brother in solving any intricate questions of law that might arise. Outside the rail came the counsel table, at which sat the redoubtable Mr. Farr, and beside him the prisoner, around whom were grouped in a compact mass at least two hundred lawyers, reporters and press men, artists, correspondents, and other favored persons. Behind these and at the side every seat in the huge room was filled, and a row of chairless spectators lined the walls. A squad of officers outside the door prevented access to the courtroom for all save the messenger boys, who entered at regular intervals, collected an armful of notes and sketches and struggled out again. In the hall of the courthouse a pen had been erected, in which sat twelve expert telegraphers, who transmitted the news over wires which plunged downward in two heavy cables from the roof.

There was a flutter of excitement as Farr arose and turned toward the rear of the courtroom.

"Call Mrs. Richard Stanton, Senior," said he quietly.

"Mrs. Stanton, Senior!" bellowed the court captain.

Every one in the room craned his head to see the prisoner's mother enter through the little door and come slowly forward. An indefinable murmur of sympathy followed her as she ascended the chair.

"Why do they have to do that?" muttered Smith.

A wisp of white hair which had loosed itself from beneath her bonnet hung against her cheek, and she attempted to smooth it back, but it would not stay in place. I made an involuntary motion, and then impatiently thrust my hand into my pocket.

"The defendant is my only son," she said quietly in answer to the first question.

I will not detail her testimony, for it is no part of my confession. What she said had a direct bearing on the state of the defendant's mind at the time of the homicide, but, of course, we all knew she was called primarily to arouse our sympathy—uselessly and hopelessly, for we were a set of unimpressionable business men, cynical and hardened to any such stage play. The mere attempt, so futile was it, so despairing, was pitiful—I grant you that.

A couple of doctors followed, who answered long, hypothetical questions, to which no one paid any attention. The cross-examination was interminable. The Supreme Court Judges bowed to their associate and departed. His Honor yawned and beckoned to the clerk, whom he engaged in a lengthy conversation. The District Attorney's professional staff worked their way out. The price of admission to the courtroom fell from ten dollars to five dollars, and, for a time, the market showed signs of complete demoralization. Then, to my surprise, the door opened and I saw Katherine—Katherine Gilman—enter with Smith's wife. I nudged him, and felt pleased when an officer showed them to seats near the front. The experts were just leaving the stand.

"Call Mrs. Katherine Stanton," said Farr. The supreme moment had arrived.

"Hang those women!" grunted Smith. "Why did they have to come now?"

There was a shuffling of chairs and of feet and a rattling of paper! The Judge looked up and forgot all about the clerk, who, in turn, forgot all about the Judge; and an officer rudely forced a passage through the crowd for a slip of a girl in a blue dress and hat with a bunch of artificial violets in it. With pale face, drawn mouth, and eyes looking straight ahead, she passed behind the jury box and seated herself in the chair and waited. We knew just what was coming. Most of us didn't look at her—at first. What was the use of torturing a child like that when what she had to say formed no excuse? I felt indignant with Farr. Why, she wasn't a day older than Kate had been when we were married! My own wife was staring tensely at the child-wife in the witness-chair. You could hear the clicking of the instruments in the hall.

"Your name?" inquired Farr gently.

"Katherine Cecil Stanton," came the reply, distinctly, slowly, through red, full lips, in a voice as fresh and clear as a mountain breeze. I would not look at her. Neither would Smith, who had a sneer on his face. I glanced at Stanton. He was leaning forward, looking at his wife like a dog who rests his head on your knee. And she was looking straight at him and speaking steadily, quietly, as if she were in a lawyer's office. I was not listening. I knew it was all prepared under the protection of a legal fiction. Didn't everybody know it? She was merely sacrificing herself to save her husband, if she could. Every eye in the room but Smith's and mine was fastened upon her. Instinctively, I turned with the rest and caught what she was saying.

Of course it must be false, I thought. The girl was an actress by profession—an "ingénue," skilled to convey in every tone and gesture the impression of babyish innocence. Why, hers was the only face the artists would paint for their angels. And the story tripped from her lips like the prattle of a child relating something she had seen at a Christmas pantomime. It was artistically perfect. Not a word too many, and not a word left out. That story of bringing the kitten on the train! Of wanting to see the inside of the great hotel! It was the literatesque touch of a veteran story-writer.

I could almost see the lawyer lounging in an easy-chair in her apartments, smoking a cigar, while she paced back and forth getting it off, retrying her effects. "No—no! That's not the way at all!" I could almost seem to hear him say. "Not so much emphasis. You mustn't make it appear you attached any importance to that. *This* way—now, go it over again. Begin 'So, I said, my mamma did not ——' Yes. That's better!" Some one had worked it all up for her and studied every phrase, every comma and semicolon. And yet it had the ring of truth to it, for all that! That was the devilish part of it! You could not see her clear eyes and mouth and young face with its parted lips without subconsciously, at least, accepting it—substantially. Was there ever such a paradox of impressions?

The Judge had moved his chair nearer to where she sat, and was leaning forward to catch every word. The jury had turned, and were giving her their half-incredulous attention.

The District Attorney never allowed his eyes to leave her face, his own remaining immobile and sphinx-like at what he heard. The reporters had stopped their scribbling in order to lose nothing of the thrilling and pathetic, if probably apocryphal, history. And "click-click—click-click" the telegraphers in the hall were sending every word flashing across the cables to London, Paris, Berlin and Rome. The child in the chair was painting for the world the shame of a city; true or false as told, it was veritable as a generalization. The tale was as toneless, as matter-of-fact, as impersonal as that of the doctor who says to the nurse: "The patient is dead; the post-mortem will take place at four o'clock."

Then, unexpectedly, Katherine passed her hand across her eyes and gasped. Her mouth opened, but the words would not come. She wet her lips and swallowed, opened her mouth again, staring wide-eyed at her husband, trembled and dropped her head. Then she got her voice and spoke again—five short words.

A gasp, a whimper, a sort of audible shiver escaped from the throng. I caught my breath, and the blood pounded and thumped in my ears. Through a blur I saw Smith's face, red and distorted, and heard his voice shouting in his own mind: "It's a lie! It's a lie!" Then I found that my eyes were moist, but I was ashamed to use my handkerchief.

Supper at the hotel that night was a queer sort of affair. Everybody seemed to want to laugh at Smith's jokes, but nobody could. Somehow, our manners had improved, and we treated ourselves with greater gentleness than usual. No one suggested bridge, and at nine o'clock I went to my room and to bed. But sleep refused to come. The realization that to-morrow I should have to determine Stanton's fate drove everything else from my mind. Of course, the defense didn't ring true, but the horrors of capital punishment invaded my mind. I had never given it much thought. Now it seemed unnaturally awful. I heard the clock in the city hall toll one hour after another, while I lay in a sweat and tried to think consecutive thoughts.

Two pictures forced themselves upon my eyelids—Stanton, alive, with a half-smile on his lips and his eyes fastened on his wife's face, and—a gray, motionless thing on a table, with roughly-shod feet pointing upward. I tossed and groaned. Then the door into the corridor burst open and Smith entered in his trousers and undershirt.

"Gilman!" he cried. "I'm nearly wild. What are we going to do? Can't we talk this over?"

I sat up, relieved, somehow, that he was there.

"The Judge directed us ——" I began feebly.

"That for the Judge!" he answered, turning on the light. "I've been fighting for a man's life for four hours and—I'm—I've—I—can't stand it any longer!"

I jumped out of bed.

"There's only one thing we can do," I replied doggedly.

"I suppose so," he answered; "I knew you'd say that!"

"Their defense is a lie," I said.

"I know that!"

"*How* do you know it?" I asked angrily.

"You just *said* it was a lie," he retorted, pacing up and down the room.

"The fact is," I said, after a pause, "that we all are morally convinced that, no matter what his wife had told Stanton, he knew what he was doing when he killed Briggs. Her story merely offers motive—ample motive—that's all!"

"That's all!" he repeated and his face was haggard. He went to the window and looked out, beating a tattoo on it with his nails. Suddenly he turned.

"Have you ever seen a man electrocuted?" he asked.

"No," I replied.

"They put on a black thing over his eyes, and fasten a horrid pad with a wire to his arm—then suddenly it leaps from the chair and jumps and jerks—Oh!——"

"You fool!" I shouted. "What do you mean by telling this to me?"

"Oh, I'm afraid!" he cried hysterically.

"Calm yourself," I said, taking his hand.

"I'm afraid to—to—do—it! Did you see Stanton to-day? Did you see his eyes? Look at what he's got. Why, there isn't anything he couldn't have, or do, or enjoy. And the girl! Did you ever see such a girl? Look here, Gilman, I'm knocked out. I'm sick. I'm going to tell the Judge, and be discharged."

"Smith," I shouted, glaring at him, "I'll brand you as a coward for life if you do anything of the sort. You're under oath. You have sworn to protect the community. You're not going to perjure yourself. You said on the Bible that you could find a true verdict, in spite of the nature of the punishment. The only issue is whether Stanton killed Briggs deliberately. If he did, we must convict him, unless he was out of his head at the time. Do you believe that? Of course you don't! You have said all along it was a lie—even before you heard the evidence."

"I had no business to say so!" whined Smith. "I had no business to serve on this—jury, anyway. I was prejudiced against Stanton!"

"You're prejudiced against him now, probably," I sneered. "Of course you're not. He's had a fair trial. Why, the People weren't even allowed to prove her story false."

"Maybe they couldn't."

"Well, that's not the point, anyhow," I answered. "You're just afraid to do your duty. Afraid of the howl the women and the yellow journals will put up if we put him where he belongs—the dirty coward, to shoot an unarmed man."

"But you heard what she said!" repeated Smith stubbornly. "You heard what she said!"

"Bah!" I exclaimed. "You make me tired!"

"I play golf every Saturday with a chap who looks very much like Stanton," said Smith reminiscently. "An awful good sort he is, too!"

I gave a snort of contempt.

Smith threw open the window and looked down at the lights below.

"I wonder what'll become of *her!*" he murmured.

"Smith, you're a fool and an ass!" I cried, out of all patience. "Get out of here and go to bed."

A great crowd had assembled in front of the hotel the next morning and escorted us to the courthouse, although without making the usual demands for Barabbas. The papers which had been given us that morning had consisted merely of a few back pages. Evidently the proceedings of the day before had aroused wide interest and must be regarded as important. My eye caught a pink paper on a news-stand bearing, in four-inch letters: "Katherine Stanton's Story Will Acquit Her Husband." "Not much!" said I to myself, but with a grim recollection of the craven Smith. None of us spoke as we walked along, and we entered the courtroom mechanically and took our accustomed places.

Nothing was left but the summing up of counsel and the charge of the Judge. We were all so busy with our own thoughts that I don't believe any of us listened to Farr for a long time.

Katherine—I mean Stanton's Katherine—had been allowed to take a seat beside her husband, but neither gave any sign of realizing the other's presence. I remember that the first words of what Farr was saying that I caught were "reasonable doubt."

"You are all reasonable men," he argued persuasively. "Hence any real doubt which you entertain on the evidence is a reasonable one."

"Yes," thought I, with a mental shrug of the shoulders. "But there isn't any doubt!"

"Imagine the situation!" he continued. "You are all honest, peaceful and law-abiding men. If you had heard this story from the lips of your own wife, would you not have believed a similar act to be *right?* Of course you would. Yet *had* you believed such an act right, you would, in the eyes of the law, have been irresponsible."

"How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?" muttered I to myself.

I almost regretted that the Creator had gifted me with the usual amount of intelligence. The whole thing was specious claptrap. Just as I had expected from the first. There *was* no

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My Eye Caught a Pink Paper on a News-Stand

The Coming Parliament of Man

As Seen from the Capitals of Europe. II—Paris

By WILLIAM T. STEAD

Nobody in France Knows Who Cain Is

LAST week, by the aid of the Eiffel Tower, wireless telegrams were exchanged between Paris and Berlin. It is more than a year ago that M. Santos-Dumont circumnavigated that same Eiffel Tower in his air-ship. Who knows but that *La Tour Eiffel* may become famous in history as the Pharos of Civilization?

Since Victor Hugo the fashion of saluting Paris as the Lighthouse of the World has somewhat gone out of favor, even among Parisians. But, although we hear less of this radiant capital and centre of the civilization of the West, France has become, much more than in the nineteenth century, the banner-bearer of the idea of peace and progress. When the twentieth century dawned no nation in Europe was so passionately pacific as the great industrial and agricultural population of France.

But last year a change came over the spirit of the dream of France. The menace of war cast a shadow over the land, and that shadow still lingers, although the menace has passed. The shadow, of course, is lifting; but, while the Clemenceau ministry continues in office, France will not have escaped from the depressing aftermath of the crisis of last year. For Monsieur Clemenceau is the incarnation of a France alarmed, suspicious, resentful. When that mood passes, Monsieur Clemenceau will be replaced by another minister. And, according to the lore of those versed in reading political portents, that time is near at hand.

For the first three months of last year every Frenchman opened his paper every morning to learn whether German troops had already crossed the frontier on their march to Paris. A whole nation cannot be kept dangling month after month on the tenterhooks of such a dread expectation without suffering both in nerve and in temper. On the whole, France stood the ordeal remarkably well. She plunged, as was inevitable, into additional expenditure. "Our frontiers are insecure. Make them safe at any cost—without even counting the cost. You want a hundred million francs. Take two hundred. Get the money where you please. You shall have an act of indemnity. But make ready, make ready. Do you not hear the tramp of the German legions?"

So the French ministry spent, over and above the military budget, two hundred million francs in making ready for the threatened war. In place of four monster ironclads they ordered six, each to cost about ten million dollars, and to be built with such speed as is possible in French dockyards. The watchword of the hour was: "France must be strong if peace is to be preserved."

When the Kaiser Said "March!"

ALL this feverish process of preparing for instant war has had the natural effect upon the French. They have been somewhat rudely disillusioned. They had believed that they had left Sedan a long way behind, when suddenly the *pickelhaub* loomed on the Eastern frontier, and they awoke with a shudder to discover that they were still face to face with the militant weight of Imperial Germany. There was a moment last April when, as every Frenchman will assure you, the Kaiser had already given the word to march, which was only countermanded at the last moment. Whether this be so or not, it is accepted everywhere in France as gospel truth. Germans, even in high places, encouraged the belief by bluffing for all they were worth as to the readiness of the Germans to fight single-handed against France, England and Russia combined. France, England and Russia, however, stood firm, and at the conference of Algeciras the crisis was happily ended by a settlement which enabled Germany to withdraw without humiliation from a position that might easily have led to war.

It is not necessary here to discuss the original *causa causans* of this perilous episode, which threatened to involve in war the whole of Europe, from the Hellespont to the North Sea. It is enough to note that the Germans declare that all the trouble arose from France's attempt to give her Anglo-Spanish agreements the validity of a European mandate to occupy and exploit Morocco. This was the explanation which the Kaiser personally gave to a friend of mine, with whom he had a long and friendly conversation in the very middle of the hubbub. To check this unwarranted development of the aggressive designs of France, the Kaiser went to Tangier and started the crisis, which lasted till the end of the conference at Algeciras. Be this as it may, the fact remains that France lay shuddering for three months last year under the nightmare of a German invasion, and she still bears traces of that experience.

"Morocco has put the clock back in France for ten years," was a phrase repeatedly used in my hearing during my stay in Paris. It expresses the feeling of depression occasioned in the minds of the friends of peace at the sudden reappearance of the spectre of threatened war. But it is not the fact. National clocks are not so easily put back. Often the apparent check is but preliminary to a more rapid advance. The supposed imminence of war in 1906, which at first threw France back upon the necessity for increasing her armaments, will in the long run powerfully reënforce the argument in favor of strengthening the securities provided by The Hague Convention against a sudden outbreak of war. As long as Monsieur Clemenceau remains in office there will be more reliance upon the sword than upon the methods of peace. But his disappearance will probably be the signal for a more definite and resolute support of the Peace League of the Nations and the Conference of The Hague.

Gone is the Day of the Barricades

MONSIEUR CLEMENCEAU, whose belated advent to office has synchronized with a period of national reaction toward a militarist policy, is by nature the least militarist of men. Twenty years ago I spent hours in his company, walking up and down the boulevards which had been the scene of the massacre of Napoleon's *coup d'état*, waiting for the result of the elections which, it was expected, would enable General Boulanger to establish a dictatorship. I was deeply impressed by his conversation as to the absolute helplessness of modern democracy when confronted by the organized force at the command of the Government.

"The day of the barricades," said Monsieur Clemenceau, "has gone by forever. Against the mitrailleuse street-fighting is impossible. The man who controls the Ministry of War is supreme. If General Boulanger, on the declaration of the poll, were to rush the Élysée, and seize the Ministry of War, the Chamber and the Senate and the masses of the people would be absolutely powerless. He would have but to touch a button, and the great military machine, implacable, irresistible, remorseless, and unthinking as if it were an automaton of iron and steel, would be put in motion, and there is nothing in all France which could resist it for a moment."

"But the troops themselves," I objected, "can they not be relied upon not to fire upon the people?"

"If my own brother," said Monsieur Clemenceau bitterly, "were a colonel in the army, and the word of command were given, he would be unable to avoid shooting me. It is not as if he were to be ordered as an individual to shoot at another individual. He would only be as a cog in a vast machine, without opportunity for initiative or refusal, engaged in a movement which offers no precise point for resistance or even of clear apprehension of what is being done. To the soldier only one thing is clear and unmistakable: obedience to the word of command. Disobedience means death."

I well remember wondering, when going to bed that night, whether next day Monsieur Clemenceau would be shot or in prison. Fortunately Boulanger's nerve failed, and the Republic survived. But the peril of a *coup d'état* was at least as great in 1888 as was the peril of a war with Germany in 1906. Monsieur Clemenceau has survived both. In both cases, oddly enough, his previous actions had led up to the danger. It was Monsieur Clemenceau who had made General Boulanger. The "brave *général*" had been his trusted nominee for the Ministry of War. In like manner, it was Clemenceau's almost rancorous campaign against Delcassé which led to the sacrifice of Delcassé to the Germans, and exposed Clemenceau himself to the brunt of the German attack.

Monsieur Clemenceau has always been a warm friend of the English. He speaks English like a native. He married an American lady, and practiced for some time as a doctor in the United States. He is a Voltairean, a man of the Revolution of 1789—witty, cynical, eloquent, a journalist, statesman. Intrepid in combat, ready in debate, passionately patriotic, he never speaks of *revanche*, but he never ceases to dream of it. His friends say that he regards war as a certainty before the end of four years; but, even if he said so, it was probably an idle word, to which no importance need be attached.

A Minister Who Eclipses His President

FOR there is about Monsieur Clemenceau a certain levity of speech that caused men to describe him as a genuine *gamin de Paris*. Since his accession to office he has developed the more serious qualities of his nature, although I can never quite forget the remark of an English friend that Clemenceau was too light a weight to ride the thunder-horse of the French Revolution. In the earlier prime of his life he was the Warwick of the Republic—the maker and the breaker of ministries. It was only last year that he had an opportunity of proving his capacity as a responsible administrator. In office he has shown himself imperious, almost dictatorial. A popular cartoon represented his cabinet as a body of men bearing different names, but on the trunk of each stood the head of Clemenceau. He chose an able Foreign Minister in Monsieur Pichon, who hopes to survive his chief; a militarist Dreyfusard in General Picquart as his Minister of War, and a Bohemian socialist in the person of Monsieur Viviani as his Minister of Labor. Upon Monsieur Briand, his Minister of Education and Public Worship, has fallen the brunt of the war with the Vatican.

Monsieur Clemenceau is the cleverest and most interesting Prime Minister the French Republic has had for many a long day. He completely eclipses the President, who is merely an amiable figurehead of the State, and dominates his Cabinet. But he is a man of the old school. He has none of what an English conservative once described as a fatal fault in a Minister—"a sentimental predilection for peace." He has never done anything to promote the triumph of international peace by means of international conferences and courts of arbitration. The memory of 1870-71 has bitten too deep into his mind. Hence he is regarded with distrust in Germany, and from him little or nothing is to be hoped at The Hague. He is, however, not likely to be in office when the conference meets; and the one thing that seems certain is that his successor, whoever he may be, will be of a more pacific temperament.

France, even under Monsieur Clemenceau, will support the English-American policy at the conference. She will do this for three reasons: (1) Because the French nation is profoundly pacific; (2) because they will strain a good many points rather than disappoint their English allies; and (3) because

That Shadow Still Lingers

nothing could be better for them than for Germany to take up an attitude which would leave her in isolated opposition to the rest of the civilized world. No one, of course, proposes to isolate Germany. But, if Germany refused to join in the major excommunication to be pronounced upon any Power which drew the sword without appealing to the special mediation provided by Article VIII of The Hague Convention, France would be the very last Power to associate herself with Germany in opposing a policy which is certain to command the approval of all the civilized peoples.

If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were to go to The Hague it is probable that the French would send their Foreign Minister to the conference. But, as matters now stand, the French delegates will be Monsieur Léon Bourgeois and Baron d'Estournelles de Constant. I have had a long discussion with the latter upon the program of the conference, and was glad to find him in absolute accord with the policy of the British Government. I was surprised, and not a little pleased, to learn from him that, as long ago as the close of the Boer War, Mr. Chamberlain had expressed himself in favor of an international agreement for the limitation of armaments. Baron d'Estournelles spent a long summer afternoon at Taplow with Mr. Chamberlain, discussing the future relations of France and England. Mr. Chamberlain was not only in favor of the principle of limitation, but he declared that he regarded its application as quite practicable.

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant is the most considerable figure among the advocates of international peace and conciliation. He was a deputy, is now a Senator, was Chargé d'Affaires at the French Embassy in London, and rendered yeoman's service to the cause of peace at The Hague Conference of 1899. Like Monsieur Clemenceau, he married an American. He has repeatedly visited the United States, and will revisit the country next April on the invitation of Mr. Carnegie, when he will be the guest of President Roosevelt. Baron d'Estournelles expressed the strongest confidence in the substantial unanimity of the Governments of America, France and England in the great cause of international peace. As he is in constant friendly correspondence with Mr. Root, to whose encouragement he owes much, I assume he does not speak without knowledge. The Baron speaks English admirably. He is personally acquainted with nearly every eminent living sovereign and statesman. The German Kaiser nicknamed him "the Argus of Peace," and it would not be surprising if he were to follow President Roosevelt as the recipient of the Nobel prize for services rendered to the cause of peace.

"Morocco has Put the Clock Back in France for Ten Years"

Since the death of Monsieur Brunetière, the most conspicuous editor in Paris is Monsieur Jean Finot, whose La Revue, formerly La Revue des Revues, is the most widely read French periodical. It has an international circulation, and its editor is an international man. His book on Race Prejudice, which has recently been translated into English and German, reveals him as not merely a man of immense reading and the master of an admirably lucid style, but a philosopher whose humanitarian sympathies are entirely free from the limitations of color prejudice. Of Polish origin—he is a naturalized Frenchman—he speaks fluently half a dozen languages, and is familiarly acquainted with the most eminent men of letters and of science in Europe. He was the man behind the cloak of Emile Zola when the great novelist arraigned the persecutors of justice. I have met at his table Georg Brandes, the famous Danish critic, Monsieur Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, and Professor Lombroso, the Italian scientist. He is as much at home with Cabinet ministers and ambassadors as with men of letters and of science. In stature he is no taller than the present King of Italy, but he has the courage of a giant. An incorruptible man, he is at present engaged in a campaign against the great financial institutions—the banking corporations, which are to France what the trusts are to America. His Revue "palpitates with actuality." It is the only serious periodical in France which disdains the aid of a serial romance in securing its subscribers, and has practically displaced the Revue des Deux Mondes.

Monsieur Finot, as might be expected from so cosmopolitan a philosopher and so strenuous an internationalist, is enthusiastic for the League of Peace. "But," said he, "real peace, permanent peace, the peace of contentment, will never be established in Europe until the Alsace-Lorraine question is settled." I shuddered. As in the house of the dead we never speak of a corpse, so in France we never mention Alsace-Lorraine, although we think about it."

"Is that not as much as to say there will never be peace?" I asked.

"Not at all, not at all," said my vivacious and enthusiastic friend. "Let me tell you something. The question is settled. All that we want is an official, a formal, a popular attestation of the fact."

"You speak in riddles," I replied. "How is it settled? And what attestation is possible?"

"Listen," said Monsieur Finot. "Some years ago I made on a small scale an exhaustive inquiry by competent commissioners into the actual sentiments of the people of Alsace and Lorraine. And what do you think we found? That the people who live in Alsace and Lorraine are the very last people in the world who want the war of *revanche*. It is not that they do not want their homes to be again desolated by war. No. They are too prosperous and content under Germany to wish to return to France. Now, that being the case—and no one can deny it who knows anything of the real state of the feelings of the people—is it not a folly to keep alive this open sore in the heart of Europe when it might so easily be closed?"

"What is the open sore, and how can it be closed?"

"The open sore is the outrage done to humanity and civilization by the enforced transfer of nearly two millions of men, women and children from the nationality of France to the nationality of Germany. Their consent was not asked. They were handed over like cattle. When France took over Nice, the transfer of the province was sanctioned by a plebiscite of the inhabitants. To heal the open sore in Europe to-day, let the people of Alsace and Lorraine vote freely, yes or no, whether they desire to remain German or to return to France. There is absolutely no doubt as to the result. On the day when it was declared that the immense majority of the Alsatians and Lorrainers had voted in favor of remaining German subjects the open sore would be healed. France could without disgrace acquiesce in the will of the population. She could no longer even meditate the possibility of war to thrust an unwilling population under the tricolor. Why not, then, let the German Government take a plebiscite in the two provinces? It only needs a little courage, and the trouble would be at an end. Alsace and Lorraine will remain German, and France, with regret, but with resignation, would acquiesce in their decision."

"It reads like the story of the rape of the Sabine women in the days of ancient Rome," I replied. "How many are there of the Alsatians and Lorrainers?"

"Not two millions—1,300,000 Catholics, 370,000 Protestants, 30,000 Jews. And you have only to collect the votes of this handful to be able to disarm at once as many soldiers as there are adult males in the two provinces."

Monsieur Finot is not a man to make statements so precise without having sure ground to go upon. There is reason to believe that the great majority of the peoples of the annexed provinces would shrink from a return to the Republic. The Protestants naturally incline toward the great Protestant power, and the Catholics at present regard the Republic as their worst enemy. But who is to bell the cat? To propose such a plebiscite at The Hague would wreck the conference. The only chance is for the Kaiser to do it of his own initiative.

At Monsieur Finot's I met an old friend—Dr. Max Nordau, one of the best known and most learned of European journalists, who, since Doctor Herzl's death, has been the most conspicuous advocate of the Zionist movement. He inquired anxiously whether it were possible to bring Zionism before the conference. I put the question to Monsieur de Nelidoff, who replied in the negative. Questions relating to the internal affairs of any of the states are excluded in express terms in the official invitation. Not that Russia would in the least object to the question on its merits. The day has long gone by since Russia regarded with dislike the Jewish colonization of Palestine. The present *mot d'ordre* at St. Petersburg is that every facility is to be afforded the Jews to settle in the Holy Land. At present they prefer New York to Jerusalem. Doctor Nordau thought that the American Government might feel sufficient interest in the question to endeavor to divert the avalanche of Russian Jews to the original dwelling-place of Israel.

Too Light a Weight to Ride the Thunder-Horse

I asked Doctor Nordau whether he thought that the present war with Rome in France would terminate, like Bismarck's *Kulturkampf* in Germany, by a pilgrimage to Canossa. He said that was not his opinion, and for this reason: the German Government, while waging war upon the Pope, maintained as strongly as ever that the maintenance of religion was a duty of the state. They insisted throughout the *Kulturkampf* that they recognized the supreme importance of religion as an element of social order, in which the state was bound, for its own sake, to take the liveliest interest. A *Kulturkampf* waged on such lines was bound to fail. The French Government had adopted other tactics. It ignored absolutely the need of religion. Private citizens might indulge in the practice of religion, if they pleased, as they might practice dancing. The state had nothing to do with such individual tastes. The state was secular in France. It was religious in Germany. A secular state can fight the Pope and win. A religious state was bound to fail.

The majority of Frenchmen and no small proportion of educated Frenchwomen have long ceased to take any active interest in the Christian religion. Hence the astonishing absence of any strong popular feeling against the Government, which has expelled the religious orders, disestablished the church, disendowed the clergy, and laid profane hands upon church property. The Government officers believe that, so long as they are not driven to shut up the churches or to imprison the clergy, they may do as they please. Hence the struggle, so far as it is visible to outside observers, partakes largely of a game in which the object of the church is to compel the state to make martyrs, and the object of the state is to evade that undesirable consummation.

The skill with which this game is played on both sides is well illustrated by a story told by the Ministers as to how they circumvented the ingenious device to make a martyr of the ancient and venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. Monsieur Briand was appealed to by the Catholic leaders as to the hour when the Archbishop was to be turned out of his palace. Their ostensible reason was to prevent any popular tumult. Monsieur Briand commended their zeal, and told them the hour, pledging them to secrecy lest the news might cause a tumult. "I knew very well," he said, "that they would spread the news abroad, so I took my precautions." Sure enough, when the appointed hour came the street was filled with an immense crowd of the faithful, who declared their intention of removing the horses from the carriage of the good Archbishop and of dragging him in triumph through the town. In the hubbub, the carriage might very easily be upset, and if the shock proved fatal to the nonagenarian prelate a first-class martyr would have been secured at a minimum of pain and trouble. "But," said Monsieur Briand, who told the story to a friend of mine, "as that would not have suited us at all, I found it necessary to take my precautions. I told off twenty-four *agents de*

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But Who is to Bell the Cat?

BEATRIX AND BENEDICT

How Mr. O'Byrne and Mrs. O'Toole Were Cajoled into Fixin' the Day

By MAUDE L. RADFORD

I THOUGHT that St. Kevin was English—born in England, you know, though his parents were Irish," remarked Norton.

"Wud bein' borrn in a stable make you an ass?" asked Mrs. O'Toole with heat. "But yer wrong. Good Irish was St. Kevin, borrn in these parts. Yer English yersilf?" she added, with a hostility which took no account of the fact that she kept an inn.

"American," said Norton. "I am very sorry if my accent ——"

"God furgive them English! The thrail uv thim, talk and all, is iverwhere. But it's not me that wud be houldin' up a quare accent agin you. Jist come to Glendalough fur the day, sorr?"

Norton looked again at Mrs. O'Toole. She was a slim little woman with eyes as blue as flax-flowers, cheeks red as the mountain ash beside her front gate, and white hair which came as a soft surprise against the sharpness of her glance and quickness of her movements. Her calico gown was blue as her eyes, and quite spotless.

"If your rooms are as good as your tea, I think I shall stay several days," he said.

"Ah, sure, I've the grand room fur you," said Mrs. O'Toole, with the air of having kept it untouched till now for him alone. "You can see from it the gateway and the Cathedral, and the top of St. Kevin's Kitchen, and the Round Tower, and the mountains."

"And the two lakes?" asked Norton.

"No; but sure what matther since you know they're there?"

Norton laughed.

"Well, I'll take a look at the room," he said.

"Sure, run and see the ruins furrst," she said persuasively. "Me best hen is jist finishin' hatchin' there. Sure, she's rale ladylike," she added hastily; "and wuddn't think uv expectin' to share the room wid you. Whin the chicks is all out she'll lave thim down the back yard."

Norton's look was expressive.

"If you don't like ut, you naden't take ut," she assured him. "Cud I be kapein' an inn if people didn't like me rooms? Musha, 'tis well seen you don't know the worrd uv an O'Toole, sorr."

"Oh, very well," agreed Norton. "I'll be back in two or three hours."

Instantly Mrs. O'Toole melted.

"That's right. And sorr, if you're goin' to St. Kevin's Kitchen, there does be a guide there. Mind you don't tip him; mind ut, now. The government pays him and you don't have to."

"I wonder if that comes under the head of mothering me, or is it the queer streak of disloyalty to one's own that is sometimes met in the Irish?" mused Norton.

But he forgot Mrs. O'Toole as soon as he entered the old monastery grounds now turned into a cemetery. Outside the walls rose hills dense with green trees and purple with heather, rugged, and yet soft in contrast with the intensely green, still waters of the Lower Lake at their feet. They seemed softened by a vague mist, and yet the air was very clear. Norton saw in them and in the fields about lovely subtle colors; but within the walls there was only the sober gray of the fallen churches and worn gravestones. Graveyards suited Norton's mood. He had come far away from home because some one very dear to him had broken the tie he had hoped soon to make closer. There was something comforting to the serious young man in looking at the ruins and old, old graves. They represented so many labors and hopes and fierce desires now all quenched and as inconsequential in a large retrospect as if they had never been. He was shut in with something very mournful and very sweet, and his own want was somewhat soothed as he wandered through the roofless gray Cathedral and read the inscriptions on the sagging stones.

"Sure, sorr, come out uv that and I'll show you somethin' betther nor the whole scut uv thim O'Toole gravestones you are perusin'," said a voice.

Norton looked up. Leaning against the little gate which separated the cemetery from the plot in which stood St. Kevin's Kitchen was a tall man clad in dark blue uniform. He was gray-haired, rosy, and much wrinkled. His long, flabby, humorous mouth was belied by a critical, steady eye.

"I apprehend you are not of the O'Toole family," said Norton, approaching.

"That I'm not, thin! If you knew these parrts, you'd not have to be tould that the face of an O'Byrne doesn't rist aisy on the neck uv an O'Toole. Will you be lookin' at the Kitchen?"

Norton entered the little house with its stone roof and small, overtopping round belfry. In what was once the nave, a high square little space, O'Byrne pointed out various antiquities. Norton duly examined the stones and crosses.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to the most conspicuous of all, a flat stone inscribed with Irish characters.

"Nawthin' but a monument to wan uv thim O'Tooles," said O'Byrne contemptuously. "The writin' manes, 'See here the restin' place uv the body of King O'Toole who died in Christ 1010.' He says he was a king, and he says he died in Christ, but if he was annythin' like his descendants, I'd go fur befure I'd belave him."

"I Wasn't Wishful fur This, Kathleen"

"You seem against the O'Tooles," remarked Norton, as he stepped into the little sacristy.

"I'm an O'Byrne," said the guide briefly. After a moment he added, "Have you had yer tay, sorr?"

"Why?"

"Only that there's a fine little tay-house down beyont." He pointed to an inn on the river-bank some distance away from Mrs. O'Toole's white house. "The only place uv the two where you kin git annythin' fit. I boord there. You've not been thryin' Mrs. O'Toole, surely?"

"Yes."

O'Byrne threw up his hands.

"Well, Hivin send yer not pisened! At Kathleen O'Toole's, indade!"

Norton drew out his tobacco-pouch.

"Here's a good antidote to poison," he said.

O'Byrne produced a little dudeen.

"Sure, 'tis agin the rules to shmoke," he said, as he filled it. "But 'tis English rules, not Irish, and so made to be broke. Thank you, sorr."

They sat down with their backs against St. Kevin's Kitchen and looked at the great hills and the gloomy, still waters of the Lower Lake.

"Ah, 'tis the grand sight," said O'Byrne. "Have you seen the Upper Lake and St. Kevin's Bed?—a long way from his Kitchen, you'll be thinkin'."

"No; I'll see them to-morrow."

"Ah, and so Kathleen O'Toole has inveigled you to sthay on in her place. Ah, well, that you may be none the worse. Some folks has betther bad luck nor others," said O'Byrne darkly.

"Why, what's the matter with Mrs. O'Toole?" asked Norton.

"I'll say no more," said O'Byrne morosely.

"Well," said Norton, rising slowly, "I'll come to-morrow and tell you my opinion of her."

He nodded, and made his way back past the tombs and the priest's tiny house, and the Cathedral, to the gateway. Mrs. O'Toole stood in her doorway waiting for him.

"I'm havin' an airly hot supper fur you," she said genially. "That is, if you like the room. Right up that stairway and see."

The room was large and fair and cool, with no sign of the ladylike hen. While Mrs. O'Toole was putting his supper on the table, Norton unshipped his few belongings from his bicycle and made himself at home.

"Did you go to the Upper Lake?" asked Mrs. O'Toole, as she waited on him.

"No; I've just been in the cemetery here."

"Did you have talk wid O'Byrne?"

"Some," Norton replied.

Mrs. O'Toole snorted.

"Ah, thim O'Byrnes have their tongues hung in the middle and swingin' at both ends," she said.

"I assume that you don't often come down to the cemetery to chat with our friend," said Norton, chipping an egg.

Mrs. O'Toole tossed her small head.

"I've not set fut in the cemetery fur thirty-six year," she said. "Not since the last great patthern day we ever had in Glendalough."

"Pattern day?" queried Norton, puzzled.

"Yes; patthern saint, you know."

"Oh, patron!"

"Patthern we call ut in these parrts," she said; "and 'tis our own saint, St. Kevin, and so we shud know. Ah, dear; ah, dear!"

"Don't you have pattern day any more?" he asked.

"Sure, June twenty-third some pious people still comes to pray be the tombs, but few, few. The ould wans still go to St. Kevin's Keeve."

"What is the Keeve?"

"'Tis Irish fur watherin' place. 'Tis a hollow stone and in ut always a pool uv wather. The saint blessed it, d'ye see, and it can niver dhry off. Ah, and many's the poor body I've saw with me own eyes cured uv rheumatism and toothache, and what-not, jist be prayin' there. But that was in the ould days; yes."

"And what has changed it?" Norton was finishing his supper languidly. "Have we the O'Byrnes to thank?"

"Ah, have we?" said Mrs. O'Toole, compressing her tiny red lips.

"Come, Mrs. O'Toole," said Norton with a persuasive smile which was irresistible to all (but one), "I'm far from home, and I want to hear a story. I'm sure you are in it, and perhaps Mr. O'Byrne."

"Well, you're the quick guesser," said Mrs. O'Toole admiringly. "Ah, then, 'tis a long story. You may know that in the ould days the O'Tooles was princes of South East Kildare, and the O'Byrnes of North East Kildare till they were druv be the Normans into the mountains of Wicklow, whin they ruled this place bechune thim, unitin' agin the English, but fightin' agin ach other. But evil and black as thim O'Byrnes were, they did reverence to St. Kevin, and on the eve of his patthern day, June twenty-third, they always come from far and near to kape the day, and so did the O'Tooles.

"Well, sorr, 'twas the grand sight to see thim all. Whin I was a shmall child well I remember the people comin' in on the eve, and puttin' up their tents in among the graves and be the Round Tower and the Cathedral. I kin shut me eyes now and see the red fires wid the pots on, and the women bendin' over, peekin' in, and the men shmokin', while we childher rowled over among the graves and got asthride the sthones. And then, wid the furrst light uv day, up we'd all git, and walk, and wade, and kneel, the ouldер people wid childher in their arrms, up to St. Kevin's Keeve, and to the Deer stone where St. Kevin caused the two babes to be fed be the doe. And then back to the ruins uv the churches where the ould voteens and pilgrims were makin' their rounds on the bare knees uv thim.

"Ah, but the curse uv Cromwell on thim O'Byrnes! 'Twas niver the O'Tooles, uv that be sure—thim that was saints and kings in Glendalough whin the O'Byrnes was jist diggin' their bit fields. Well, the O'Byrnes, not content wid prayin', wud have to be dhrinkin', and dancin', and thimbleriggin', and playin' prick-i'-the-loop, and sich. Pushin' right up agin the voteens and pilgrims—fair sthreppin' on their ould bodies.

"Well, and as soon as evenin' come on the voteens got thimsilves to places uv safety, the women called in the childher, the pipers and fiddlers hid off, and the fightin' begun. The O'Tooles agin the O'Byrnes, and the shillalahs agin the heads. Ah, dear; and thin 'twas bandagin' and rubbin' fur the women all the nixt day, and the black humor fur weeks."

Mrs. O'Toole paused for breath, and then continued:

"Well, some forty years ago, Father Eugene Clark, Hivin rest his sowl, begun thryin' to make pace bechune the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes, and one patthern day he collected the shillalahs off all thim, and, jist be the gentle worrds uv him, there was no fightin' at all, at all."

A pink flush stole over Mrs. O'Toole's forehead as she went on:

"You mightin think ut, sorr, but in thim days I was a fine gurrl. Yes; and I'd eight cows besides, so Kathleen O'Toole had no lack uv byes to choose from."

"I can easily believe it," said Norton sincerely.

"Well, there was Kevin O'Byrne—that same ould sphalpeen you were talkin' to the day. Hivin knows, I'd niver sphoke the worrd to him, he bein' an O'Byrne. But he was good-lookin' and wid a fine singin' voice to him, and so I'll not deny we'd cast the look whin we passed. 'Twas all Father Clark—but do you know the story of St. Kevin and Kathleen, sorr?"

"I know that a beautiful lady named Kathleen pursued the saint and that he'd have none of her."

"Thrue. Well, O'Byrne's name's Kevin, and mine's Kathleen; and says Father Clark in his laughin' way to Kevin O'Byrne: 'There was a Kevin had no kindness fur a Kathleen. Cudn't you be makin' ut up to a Kathleen to-day?' And says he to me: 'There was a Kathleen flouted and struck be a Kevin. Why not avenge the sex be marryin' Kevin O'Bryne and makin' him walk the line furiver?' You see, Kevin bein' a well-to-do O'Byrne, and me a well-to-do O'Toole, he thought to help reconcile the two sides be marryin' us."

"A good plan," said Norton. "I think you'd have made a fine couple."

"The saints spared me ut!" said Mrs. O'Toole. "'Twud have happened, though, and the marriage was set fur the night uv the patthern day. Well, what thin?"

She paused meditatively, and smoothed her little hands together.

"Father Clark come a little late, and maybe the byes got more dhrink in thim than he'd counted on. Annyway, there was manny black looks. Here knelt me faather and me brother be the priest's house, whin along come me bould Kevin O'Byrne and his brother Mick. Mick give a stumble and pretended to think me faather done ut. He hit the ould man a crack that knocked the sinse out uv him. Then up got me brother and made fur Mick, whin Kevin let dhrive at him and cracked his arrm so that it niver grew sthraight agin. And then there was nawthin' but hittin' and cursin'. Whin me faather and me brother was well, I had the priest marry me to me cousin Tim O'Toole. Rest his soul, he dhrunk himsilf into the grave widin three years. I'm long since alone, but I'm betther company to mesilf nor ever an O'Byrne could be to me."

"And he married?"

"He did not."

"He wouldn't take any one if he couldn't have you. I don't blame him," said Norton.

"Musha, cock him up! More like he cudn't find a dacint gurrl to have him!" said Mrs. O'Toole.

But Norton caught a vain look in her eyes which belied her words. She began to talk about the glory of the O'Tooles, weaving a delightful narration of fact and fancy that held him interested until bedtime.

The next day he explored the Upper Lake, walking and rowing without a guide, until at last, feeling the want of company, he joined O'Byrne about teatime.

"I'm thinking of walking with you to the inn you recommended so highly yesterday," he said, with his compelling smile; "and perhaps we can have a smoke afterward."

"I'll be plazed," said O'Byrne. "It has been a dull day. Nawthin' but some Americans that made fun uv every blessed relic, me houldin' mesilf in, and then they went off widout a copper fur me."

They walked up St. Kevin's road to the tea-house, a gray-stone building, certainly much

"I'll Not Deny We'd Cast the Look Whin We Passed"

prettier than Mrs. O'Toole's staring white rough-cast. But when the table was spread, Norton found that the bread was raw, the jam thin and souring, and the tea bitter. O'Byrne, however, ate with an appearance of enjoyment.

"My friend," said Norton, as they were walking back to St. Kevin's Kitchen; "you are either a great actor or a man whose taste has failed. If you were taking tea at Mrs. O'Toole's you'd be having an egg, if you wanted it; toasted scones, piping hot; thick, sweet jam; fruit cake——"

O'Byrne swallowed, and then he said scoffingly:

"It all depinds on the taste."

"Oh, come," said Norton, as they seated themselves on the doorstep of the Kitchen; "you seem to dislike Mrs. O'Toole, but you will surely allow her her due. She's a kindly person; why, she said yesterday that when you were young you were far and away the handsomest man in Wicklow County, and that you had a voice would charm the birds off the bushes——"

O'Byrne turned an incredulous and critical eye on Norton, though his mouth puckered complacently.

"She'd niver say that! She's put the black curse of Cromwell on me manny a time to the neighbors," he said.

"But wasn't it a neighbor that had something to gain by saying that to you?" asked Norton.

O'Byrne withdrew his pipe and said reflectively:

"To be sure; they were aither gurrls that wanted to marry me, or the mothers uv thim."

Norton checked an amazed look, and then said:

"I am surmising something was between you once."

"I don't mind admitting there was," said O'Byrne. "'Tis a quare thing fur an O'Byrne to stoop to an O'Toole, but Kathleen was pretty, and well-to-do besides. If she wasn't an O'Toole, I cud say I niver saw her aquil. Well, ye've heard uv our patthern day?"

"Yes; all about the praying and games and fighting."

"Ah, thim fights!" said O'Byrne with a regretful sigh. "You see, afther the bit prayin' was done, the byes'd git to dancin' and dhrinkin'. Well, soon an O'Toole'd be bumpin' into an O'Byrne. By and by a couple uv byes'd go out bechune the graves to sittle ut, and soon there'd be slathers uv thim dodgin' in and out among the tombstones, waitin' fur a chance to land a good crack on a convanient head. The O'Byrnes was always doin' justice on the O'Tooles, and some O'Farrells'd chip in, but they jist hit anny head they come foreninst, bein' in ut fur the glory uv the fight. Ah, thim were the grand days! But they're all gone. It's the ruin uv the patthern day, too."

He sighed over the decay of religion, and continued:

"Well, on wan uv thim days, the day set fur our weddin', me and me brother Mick was walkin' peaceable be the door uv the priest's house where ould man O'Toole and his son happened to be tellin' their beads. The ould man put out his hand sly-like and give Mick's ankle—wake it was wid a sprain—he give it a twist, and down fell Mick on a gravestone, not so quick but what he managed to give the ould man a little cuff as he fell. Then up rose young O'Toole and give Mick a taste uv his shillalah, and thin I furgot all but that thim O'Tooles was at their thricks agin. I don't raycall much but ragin' and dhrinkin' and fightin' the rest uv the day—except meetin' wid Kathleen O'Farrell on me way home, which was a quare little thing in itself; she'd always been afther wantin' me. Well, then I went on to O'Toole's cottage to offer to pay damages, fur money'll go a long way, aven whin you've family honor to uphold. But, befure I cud sphake a worrd, they met me wid black curses, Kathleen back uv thim, urgin' thim on. And off I came and have niver had worrds wid her since—thank God fur that."

"It's too bad," said Norton. "Are all the other O'Tooles and O'Byrnes at loggerheads, too?"

"'Deed, no; they all live peaceable togither nowadays, barrin' a knock on the head that you might give to annywan. But she and me had more cause."

"It's too bad," repeated Norton. "She's a fine cook, Mr. O'Byrne. I've lived in some of the best hotels in America, and they can't touch her for cooking."

O'Byrne drew a long breath.

"I'll not deny she had a light hand," he said grudgingly; "but a black heart," he added.

"I don't believe she hates you as much as you think," said Norton. "How if she were deceiving herself for the sake of family loyalty, you know?"

O'Byrne's loose mouth widened in a complacent smile.

"Then she's got good pay fur ut, havin' to live widout me all these years," he said.

Norton felt a spasm of compunction as he thought of the innocent Mrs. O'Toole, probably worrying over him because he had not appeared to tea.

"Oh, she does pretty well," he said. "She is making the inn pay, I can tell you, Mr. O'Byrne. And men like her yet; she had a caller last night. I don't know any one I admire more than I do Mrs. Kathleen O'Toole. She's a handsome woman, and Kathleen's my favorite name, too."

O'Byrne grunted, but presently, his pipe exhausted, he began to sing: "'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew, Eyes of most unholy blue.' Did you ever hear the story of Kathleen and St. Kevin?"

"I merely know that she loved him and he killed her."

"Oh, be St. Pathrick, what a way to put ut! He was a beautiful bye, Kevin was, wid a face like a fair day in the spring, and a voice like a thrush in May time. Well, and Kathleen was his match fur beauty, and that lovely! She'd danced many the time to fairy music on the hills, and she'd a right to dance light, fur she had manny the heart at her feet. Well, she loved the saint, and afther him she went, sweet and pleadin' and wishful, and divil a bit was he moved at all. One day she follied him to the woods, and began sayin' swate worruds like. So what does he do but pick some nettles quick and slap her on the face and arrms wid thim."

"Very ungentlemanly, even for a saint," remarked Norton.

"Oh, I dinnaw," said O'Byrne; "you got to git rid

"Ah, Thim were the Grand Days!"

uv a pesterin' woman somehow. So he run away from her to the Upper Lake, and stopped in front uv the steepest parrt uv the hill. Up the rock he clim', thirty feet, to the hole that's called St. Kevin's Bed to this day. And be the same token, if you clim' up there widout help you'll niver agin suffer from a pam in your big toe or your little toe, or yer back, sorr. Well, you'd think he'd been safe, but folly him Kathleen did, and whin he woke up wan mornin' there she set over him, lookin' pathetic at him. As Moore says in the song he made uv ut, 'Ah, your saints have cruel hearts.' Sure, he was that mad he trun her into the wather."

"Well, I'm inclined to think she'd not have been happy with him," said Norton flippantly. "But I must get back. I have some writing to do before suppertime."

Mrs. O'Toole met him with a look of reproof.

"Sure, I begun to think 'twas lost you were," she said; "and yer tea spiled."

Norton leaned against the gate and looked down on her.

"Mrs. O'Toole, I've paid for my absence. I had a hideous tea at the Gray Inn with O'Byrne"

"Serves you right fur kapin' sich comp'ny," said Mrs. O'Toole with a contemptuous sniff.

"Now, Mrs. O'Toole, that's hardly kind of you. If you could have heard the way he spoke of you—but of course it would only make you angry if I should tell you. Well, I'll go in to my writing."

As he strolled up the path she called after him:

"Misther Norton, I'd like to hear what thim lies are."

Norton smiled. But she did not see that

"They're not lies. He said you were the finest cook in the country, bar none."

"Humph! like the man to be thinkin' uv atein'!"

"That's what he said last, but the first thing he said was that, as a girl, you had the handsomest face in County Wicklow, and, he believed, himself, in all Ireland, and a smile that would charm the birds off the bushes, and that your eyes were bluer than Kathleen's could ever have been ——"

For a moment Mrs. O'Toole's scornful face took on a tender, reminiscent expression

And that it was a hard thing that you had had no word for him from that day to this."

Mrs. O'Toole pulled herself together.

"You're jist havin' a little fun, I'm thinkin'," she said coldly.

"I'm not. Why should I misrepresent O'Byrne?"

"'Tis not sich worrds the neighbors carried me," she said.

"But weren't they people who were willing to make trouble between you? Remember, he was a well-to-do bachelor ——"

"Ah, well, 'tis long past," said Mrs. O'Toole, "and we've both furgot the ould days"

"I'd not be too sure of that," said Norton. "Why has he never married? Answer me that."

"Go on off to yer writin'," said Mrs. O'Toole with a laugh that had a ring of sentiment in it; "fur uv all the romancin' young gossoons, 'tis you bang Banagher."

Norton lingered on in Glendalough, his own inclination for excuse. During the next few days he explored all the obvious and secret nooks of the lakes. He learned to love the beauty of the place, rugged and romantic among the purple hills, peaceful amid the gray old churches. All the unchanging life, and the records of death through fourteen hundred years, belittled his own concerns. When he was not walking and dreaming alone he occupied himself in furthering his friendship with Mrs. O'Toole and Kevin O'Byrne. They were full of legends of St. Kevin and Glendalough, and of the wild and beautiful lore of Ireland And running athwart their stories came many a hint of the part they had played in each other's lives. Norton never had a talk with one in which some words about the other were not spoken. Mendaciously he assured each of the ardent affection of the other, and of the attention each still attracted, Mrs. O'Toole always receiving his remarks with a contemptuous sniff which did not hide her eagerness, while O'Byrne slowly added to his complacent pride in his conquest a feeling of pity for the woman who had been deprived of him for so many years.

One Monday morning O'Byrne incidentally handed Norton a bunch of heather

"You might give this to Kathleen O'Toole if you happen to think uv ut. She'll know the place it come off. But, begorry, if you want to throw it away befure you git home, do so. Sorra a care have I if iver she sees it or no."

When Norton handed the purple sheaf to Mrs. O'Toole with a message full of vague sentiment which he had

(Continued on Page 14)

THE THIRD HAND

In Which the Occasional Offender Plays at Fate and Incidentally Solves a Strange Mystery

By ARTHUR STRINGER

The Woman Standing at My Side was the Possessor of a Third Hand!

I

WITH one hand I clung to a car-strap. With the other I held my evening paper. Then I let my eye run down the racing returns from the Benning's track. I had just made note of the fact that Rippling Water had finished first in the fifth event for three-year-olds, and had built up a mental picture of the big mare romping down the home-stretch, when an almost nameless something sent a shock, as distinct as the tingle of an electric current, through my body.

I did not betray this shock by any outward sign. But as the crowded subway express rocked and swayed along its rails I let my half-closed eyes coast first to the right and then to the left. This I did without a movement of the head or a lowering of the paper before my face.

On one side of me was an obese and bearded German, deep in the day's market reports. On the other was a young woman of twenty-one or two. Her left hand, gloved in black, clung to a strap. Her right hand hung at her side, lost in a huge black lynx muff. Packed in about us were scores of strap-hangers. But with the exception of this man and woman no one in the car stood within actual reaching distance of me.

I let my well-guarded glance shift back to the young woman's face, without so much as moving my head. It seemed an impassive and preoccupied face, and its pallor was the most striking thing about it. Yet it was a soft and ivory sort of pallor, too white to be called olive. It was made more remarkable by the shadows under the moody and impersonal eyes, and by the deep red of the lips, which drooped a little at the corners, petulantly, like a woman who had known too much of sickness, or had rebelled too fiercely against it. Beyond this she seemed a well-poised and well-groomed American girl, with that air of mild and fragile beauty which may sometimes come, I know, from too much tea and candy. Her hat was a wide Gainsborough, with heavy plumes. The lynx boa, that hung over her smart-looking shoulder-cape of black broadcloth, was heavy and costly. But what interested me most, even at that moment, was the little Lalique pendant of pigeon-blood rubies she wore at her throat. There were twelve of them, surrounding a *pendeloque* of startling size and clarity. The rubies themselves, which were even more beautiful stones, were held together by the slenderest woven chain of Roman gold. And I could not help speculating how one quick little movement of the fingers, in a crowded car like that, might make away with thirteen stones that would bring a thousand, perhaps two thousand, dollars in any pawnshop in New York.

Then suddenly up and down the middle of my back I once more felt that minute tingling sensation which arises only at the acutest nervous shock. It was a mental start, like the reactional movement of a hand on which a spark of fire had fallen. I felt, for a moment, as though a thousand little icicles had danced along my spinal column.

For the girl who was standing so quietly and impassively beside me was deliberately, guardedly, but unmistakably, feeling my pocket.

II

MY FIRST feeling, when the wonder of the thing had passed, was an incongruous and unholy joy in the irony of the situation. Here was an old and experienced dip and box-man, an airy-handed *chevalier d'industrie*, an ex-yegg, being quietly held up by a sugar-and-milk slip of a girl! Here was a pink-and-white china doll giving the dare to a wire-tapper who had once faced Doogan and all his forces! It was worth losing an eight-dollar watch just for a chance to see the game.

Have you ever watched a bottle of *Spumante* with the cork drawn? Or a half-emptied seltzer-siphon when the pressure is first removed? Well, that's what I was like at this sudden discovery. The repression of weeks, the burden of being decent, was a thing of the past. The pressure of a too-confining moral atmosphere was lifted. I seemed to bubble and effervesce with a rioting return of spirits. I found myself suddenly exhilarated and challenged by the old quest of adventure It even left me indifferent to the bad air and steel-dust of the subway. It left me face to face with the old predatory life again. And I stood there almost reveling in it all, inwardly cautioning myself to go slow and be watchful.

I first let my absent and innocent gaze go up to the row of advertising cards above the windows. Then I glanced, half-diffidently, at the girl herself. She seemed so self-immured, so unconscious of her surroundings, so pensive and timid-looking about the shadowy eyes, that a moment of uncertainty came back to me. Yet even as I doubted I could feel that cautiously exploring hand push deeper in under my coat, as softly as a snake's head under a leaf.

I buried my face behind my paper and peered to the right. The obese German, still wrapped in his market reports, was beyond question. The woman, and the woman alone, stood within reaching distance of me. I looked back at her, guardedly, over the top of my paper. Her left hand, in its long, black, kid glove, was lifted high above her head, clinging to the car-strap. I moved my paper inch by inch with the jolting of the car, until I commanded a view of her right arm. I could see it hanging inert and motionless at her side, the full sweep of it, right down to where the gloved fingers were lost in the depth of the huge fur muff it carried.

Then still again that feeling of a thousand dancing icicles crept up and down my backbone. For even while I saw her two hands, the one above clinging to the strap, the other hanging at her side, holding the muff, I felt the cautious movements of the exploring fingers under my coat. Yet those fingers could belong to no one but the woman beside me.

But there, before me, as clear as light, I could see both her own hands. I could also see the cloth of my coat rise and fall with the little movements of some slender and agile wrist. I could feel the padding fingers still delicately groping, advancing, searching. And the truth flashed on me, with a shock that was almost sickening. It was neither illusion nor mistake. But it was an arm, with five flexile and living fingers at its end. Through some monstrous affliction or accident *the woman standing at my side was the possessor of a third hand!*

The Obese German, Still Wrapped in His Market Reports, Was Beyond Question

III

IT WAS no easy thing for me to control myself. But I made it a point to see that not a sign, not a tremor, escaped me, as I felt those uncanny and restless fingers loosen my chain and slowly lift the watch from where it nestled in my left-hand waistcoat pocket. It was done with the unerring precision of an expert.

I felt, as I stood there beside that motionless and tranquil body in black broadcloth, that the tentacle of an octopus had darted out and was threatening me. There seemed something unhuman, revolting, sickening in the thought of this third mysterious member, so endowed with malignant and predaceous life, padding and exploring about my body. It was like calmly enduring the crawling of a serpent. I felt as though the woman beside me was something secretive, some many-membered monstrosity. It took a struggle to keep from crowding and tearing away from her touch.

I saw the fingered tentacle slowly recede, inch by inch. It seemed to draw back into nothingness behind the black lynx boa. But with it, of course, it carried my watch and chain. No other portion of the woman's body moved. She hung there immobile, amid the universal swaying of the car. She might have been carved in marble, she stood so calm and meditative, with the empty, unseeing eyes of a statue. Then I noticed that the tentacle was once more creeping and stealing out in my direction. I half-lowered my paper, with a little unconcerned yawn of weariness. As I did so the extended tentacle flashed back into its muffling gloom. It seemed to me terribly like the movement of some frightened devil-fish, drawing an arm back into its sheltering cave.

When the crowd ebbed from the car at the Grand Central Station I was glad enough for a momentary escape into one of the empty cross-seats. The woman remained where she was, merely sinking into a seat near the door. I was possessed by a ridiculous and irrational fear of her. I wanted to think things over at my leisure.

But first, to make sure my watch was indeed gone, I surreptitiously felt in the pocket of my waistcoat.

No watch was there. Nor was there one jot of silver left in my change pocket. But what almost brought me to my feet, with a gasp of incredulous astonishment, was the amazing discovery that my pigskin wallet, holding in all some six hundred dollars in bills, had been taken, under my very eyes, from the breast-pocket of my coat.

This discovery showed me that I had something more than thinking to do. It was necessity now, and no longer caprice, that governed my return to the feral state. It was for something more than the game for the game's sake that this mystery would have to be sought out to its bitterest end. Whatever its meaning, I felt, as I studied the calm and unbetraying woman with the black muff, I was at least facing an adventurer quite as artful and audacious as myself.

IV

WHEN the train stopped at Seventy-second Street the woman hurriedly left the car and climbed to the street. I watched her, circumspectly, from the back platform. Then I followed her at what I thought a safe distance.

Night had already fallen when I emerged from the subway, and it was by the electric lamps of upper Broadway that I made out the already familiar figure hurrying westward toward the river. At West End Avenue she turned sharply north, on the west side. By the time I had rounded the corner she had run up a flight of housesteps, and a moment later disappeared through the door.

I walked on, past the house, for a moment's reconnaissance. Then, I guardedly studied the place with its little plot of grass, its three sickly maples, its darkened windows, its tangle of wistaria vines that crept to the very roof-cornice—studied it very much as you would study a pile of stones under which a cobra had slipped. It flashed through my mind, inappositely, as I peered up and down the street at those unbetraying stone faces before so many hidden homes, how well masked behind brick and stone and mortar the sorrows and mysteries and romances of any great city must always remain. Then I realized that I was losing time, and that my only line of advance could be by direct assault. So I swung about and ran up the steps without further delay.

No answer came to my impatient ring. I pushed the electric button a second time, more angrily, pondering how I should explain myself, speculating what my procedure should be if I were indeed denied admittance, comprehending for the first time the predicament into which I had drifted.

As I did so the door slowly opened and an old butler, in claret-colored livery, stood before me. He stood peering out at me, with bent shoulders and snow-white hair, one hand behind his ear, as a sign, I took it, that he was hard of hearing. His eyes, I noticed, were dim and haggard, like a mastiff's. His fine old face, however, was far from being either canine or servile in its quiet dignity. Indeed, he was on the point of shutting the door in my face when I stepped quickly forward.

This left my body between the jamb and the door-edge. The outcome might have been disagreeable, at least, had not a second figure suddenly appeared behind him.

It was that of a woman of thirty, in the striped blue and white uniform of a trained nurse. Out of a face that was too keenly intelligent to be imperious, and so strongly lined as to be almost manlike, looked a pair of alert and tragic and yet unhardened eyes. In fact, this troubled look of tragedy impressed me still further as she waved the bent old butler to one side, and, a little curtly, a little apprehensively, asked me my business.

The old butler disappeared like a shadow beyond the gloom of the unlighted lower hall. But as he did so, high beyond the head of the waiting nurse I caught one fleeting glimpse of a girlish figure in a black lynx boa, crossing at the top of the stairway. The woman at the door studied my face with a sudden look of open suspicion.

"I should like to see you alone, at once," I said to her. She bowed her head gravely, with a motion for me to enter. I could see the vague look of fear, however, that had leapt into her face.

V

SHE ushered me into a well-furnished library, unlighted except by the open wood fire. She turned back, I noticed, to close the door.

"Has anything happened?" she demanded. Our eyes met combatively.

"Yes," I answered. And still she waited. "Two minutes ago a young woman entered this house."

The nurse responded with her grave and non-committal bow of the head.

"I must see that young woman at once."

"May I not speak for her?" asked the woman in the uniform. Still again our eyes met, and some guarded look of appeal made the question, through all its coldness of tone, almost a supplication. From somewhere above stairs, as we stood there confronting each other, burst forth the sound of singing, as light and untroubled as a bird's. It was the voice of a young woman, joyous, innocent, ingenuous. There was not a word spoken as we listened. But as the watching nurse took in my start of surprise I again saw some shadow of fear and foreboding creep across her face.

"I must see this young woman alone!" I insisted. The trained nurse took a deep breath, as though steeling herself for some ordeal.

"Are you a detective?" she suddenly asked me.

I told her I was not.

"Are you a newspaper reporter?"

That, too, I could truthfully disclaim. But I insisted on my right to see her. The nurse was sorry, but it was impossible.

"I not only must see your mistress, but I must see her at once, this minute!" There was no use beating further about the bush.

"She is not my mistress," corrected the woman before me quietly.

"Then what is she?" I asked in wonder.

The answer came in a lower tone, that was not without pregnancy:

"She is my patient."

Again, from without, I heard the sound of singing. It came nearer and nearer, and was followed by the clicking of high little shoe-heels on a polished wooden floor.

The nurse, with a little gasp of despair, ran to the door and turned the key in the lock. She did not face me until the singing voice had passed to the rear of the house, returned, and again ascended the stairway to the quick click of hurrying shoe-heels.

"*Who is that woman?*" I suddenly cried out, exasperated. As I did so I strode angrily toward the door, determined to fling it open and have done with all this quibbling over uncertainties.

The nurse barred my way. I could see the sudden fierce spirit of guardianship that had taken possession of her. It suggested to me the desperate animal passion of the she-bear to protect her invaded lair.

"That woman is nothing to you," she said quietly, though her voice shook.

"But I intend to be something to *her!*" I flung out, reckless of consequences now, and tired of all this mysteriousness into which I had floundered.

"What do you mean by that?" cried the nurse.

"I mean that I have every reason to believe the woman who just went up that stairway is a thief!"

"How dare you say that!"

"And I mean that you are deliberately standing between her and me in what you know to be a crime!"

"Oh, how dare you!" panted the nurse. Her face, by this time, was as white as chalk. "How dare you say that!"

"I dare say it because not half an hour ago she robbed me—because I saw her do it with my own eyes—because I followed her to this house and saw her come in the door that I came in."

I could see the uniformed figure before me suddenly begin to breathe hard and quick.

"*The woman who went up those stairs, the*

Staring Past the Barrel of My Menacing Revolver to My Own Black-Masked Face Above Her at the Foot of the Bed

woman you heard singing, is not the woman who robbed you!" she cried.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that the woman you followed into this house is no longer here," was the reply.

"I don't believe you!"

She peered about her desperately, like some cornered animal seeking a final path of escape.

"You *must* believe me!" she cried foolishly, weakly Through the dim light I could see that a sudden gush of tears had come to her eyes.

"Do you suppose I'm here to quibble about what I'm going to believe or not?" I demanded, unmoved by her tears. "I say I saw that woman come into this house."

The nurse, who had been torturing her handkerchief between her nervous fingers, suddenly clenched her hands. Then she looked me straight in the face.

"*There were two women came into this house when she came in!*"

VI

I STARED at her, amazed, momentarily stupefied. My first impression was that I had blundered into a madhouse, that all the sober and solemn world about me had become a world of delirium. Yet she looked sane and intelligent enough as she stood there confronting me, with her interlocked fingers pressed tightly together. I made a step toward her, and she fell back a step.

"What are you talking about?" I cried out at her. "What the devil do you mean by juggling phrases under my nose when you know what I'm here for and *I* know what I'm going to get before I leave?"

"I'm juggling no phrases," she retorted. "All I know is that you forced your way into a respectable household, and that you are making charges against a young woman of spotless reputation, a girl of wealth and social standing who ——"

"Who is not above picking a pocket in a crowded car!" I cut in on her.

"Oh!" she cried, in a tremulous little gasp, putting her hand up to her heart.

"Who calmly, deliberately, stole six hundred dollars from my coat-pocket!" I went on, letting loose my dammed-up torrent of rage. My eye had caught the glimmer of light on the nickel of a desk-telephone standing at one end of the library table. I wheeled and strode toward it.

"Wait—wait—you may be mistaken," whispered the woman, as she watched me reach for the receiver.

"That I intend to find out from the police," I retorted. "I have given you both a chance, and you insist on not taking it. Now I'm going to have an officer in this house as soon as one can get here. Then I'm going to get to the bottom of this affair if it takes me a year!"

"You don't know what you're doing!" cried the terrified woman, coming toward me. She was shaking now, and wringing her hands.

"Perfectly," I responded, raising the receiver to my ear. I could hear her panting over me as I spoke into the transmitter. "Give me 3100 Spring, please. Give me police headquarters, quickly."

I almost forgot that I was acting a part. I almost failed to remember that I had more to fear from the office at the other end of the line than had the frightened woman who tried to drag me away from the transmitter. For once in my life I most heartily wished that my record had been clean, so that I might have pushed the thing to that bitterest end I had looked for. But already my threat had struck home.

"Wait, only wait," gasped the woman over me, "and I will explain everything."

"Everything, openly and honestly?" I demanded, still at the 'phone.

"Everything," she acquiesced weakly.

I hung up the receiver and turned to her. She sank into one of the wide-armed library chairs and covered her face with her hands. And she sat that way for several seconds, motionless, breathing heavily.

VII

HER first words, when she spoke, were not to me, nor to any one in that room of shadow and silence.

"The poor girl!" she cried pityingly, with a note in her voice that made me feel small and puny and uncomfortable. "The poor girl!" She was not thinking of me, of what I might be or had been, but of the woman she had stood so ready to shield and save.

"Why can't you trust me?" I demanded.

She drew herself together slowly, and turned to me with what seemed a complete change of manner. Her face looked old and careworn and anxious in the broken light that came from the burning logs.

"I *can* trust you," she answered, a little bitterly, "for the simple reason that I am compelled to!"

"Then please explain."

"But you are not a physician—how can I?"

"That need not count."

"But you know nothing of abnormal psychology."

"On the contrary, I am keenly interested in such things."

"You? In what way?"

"I have studied the psychology of crime for many years, and from many very diverse standpoints."

"Then you know that amnesia doesn't always depend on esphlasis; that beyond the morbid forgetfulness of mere aphasia there can be an actual disintegrated personality."

"But what of that?"

"Simply this," she answered. "The woman you saw come into this house is a woman with a dual personality"

VIII

"WHAT, in this case, does that mean?"

"It means that this young woman is a mental neurotic that she is one person with a terribly contradictory character; that at one time she is a gentle and beautiful girl, and at another a restless and irresponsible being who has to be watched like a child."

"Go on." A glimmer of light had at last come to me.

"I have been with her for four years now, since she first fell ill. I come and go with her, from the country to the city. I went with her three times to Europe. I know her perfectly. And the more I see what she has to suffer the more my heart bleeds for her."

"What she has to suffer?" I echoed.

"Yes, suffer; for her case is hopeless. Janet, of Paris, thought it was only hysteria, but could do nothing The neurologist who used to come once a week from Philadelphia on the case claimed that it was simply the mental side of her neurosis assuming the form of criminal psychosis. But the Vienna specialist, who treated it as a case of disintegrated personality, said it was like a wire burning out between two stations, under some sudden and too heavy current. It left the two parts of her unconnected, uncoördinated. Something in her character seemed to have dissolved away. Bromig, the Berlin alienist, said it was like water an electric current had passed through. It had divided into a hydrogen of moral responsibility, he said, and an oxygen of insanity. He said he had known of cases where some sudden explosion, as it were, had reunited the two gases and made them into water once more. He suggested restraint and observation. But that always had the effect of making her violent. So he asked us how he could cure a disease when he didn't even know what it was, and at last gave up the case."

"Then why is this girl allowed at liberty if she is a dangerous criminal?" I demanded.

"She is *not* dangerous. She is not a criminal. If she is left free she is perfectly happy. And until you came there had been only one mistake, only one terrible mistake. They all had the Tiffany trade-stamp and a scratch number on, and we got them away from her at last and sent them back."

I could see her little shudder of horror at the memory of it.

"It has always been nothing more than a poor little childish eccentricity, a harmless and innocent whim in hiding things away."

"But what is at the root of it all? When and how did it begin?"

The woman walked softly to the locked door and listened for a moment before she started to speak again. She was now less ill at ease; her note was more intimate.

"It began four years ago, very mysteriously, yet very simply. It was a week after her father's death. I was first called in to take care of her that week. She was ill and worn out with suffering. It was at the old family home on lower Fifth Avenue. The place was broken into by a burglar. He forced an entrance through this girl's bedroom window, by climbing up some vines and cutting out a pane of glass. She heard him and switched on the lights. I needn't tell you what a terrible moment it was for her. The burglar in some way escaped. But the girl did not; she was already worn out and nervous. The shock left her sleepless and hysterical. We noticed nothing wrong, though, except that she drank three cups of black coffee at daybreak, put on her riding-habit, and had a horse saddled that had been shut up in the stables for two weeks."

I watched her as she paused; I was following every word.

"The horse ran away and threw her. She was unhurt, we all thought, except for the slightest injury to one of the carpal bones in her right hand. There was no blow on the head, no wound, no skull depression. But from that moment the trouble began. We noticed it first by her fretting over the little fracture to the carpal bone, even after it had healed and was perfectly well. Then the hysterical obsession, or, rather, the duality of personality, slowly began to show itself."

"One moment. Did it date from the burglary or from the hurt to the wrist bone?" I asked

"From the burglary, I think, though it passed unnoticed at the time. We suspected nothing then, you see. Even her childish habit of picking things up and carrying them away and hiding them did not worry us at first. But as this line of division in all her temper and taste showed itself more and more, and the duality of character was actually noticeable, the habit grew stronger. It became a sort of mania, especially when what you would call her lower self was in control of her actions."

"Then is it all due to some association of ideas springing from her fright at the burglar?"

"Perhaps but no one is sure of that. Indeed, they're sure of nothing."

"But can't she explain herself? Doesn't she remember things afterward?"

"Only vaguely. She has no sense of shame even—but you must bear in mind that she's never wicked or evil at heart. I could never have stayed with her so long if she had been *that*. It's only that she can't see the difference between good and bad when this break in personality comes on. It simply leaves her unmoral, the same as a child is unmoral."

I had not yet reached a solution of the point that most puzzled me.

"But is there no physical taint as well? I mean, is she sane and well in body?"

I waited for some betraying glance of fear, for some significant start. But there was none.

"I don't understand," said the puzzled woman.

"Is there no actual malformation of flesh and bone, no abnormal feature of—of limb?"

"None, I'm sure," was her response

"Are you *certain*?" I persisted

"Quite certain," she answered, looking at me in wonder. "The only thing at all like that was the foolish little delusion that came with the injury to the carpal bone in her right hand. But I've already told you of that."

"*That* may be it!" I cried. "Please explain it a little more."

"She sometimes thinks this arm is dead."

"Dead?" I echoed.

"Yes she nursed the idea, at times, that her right hand was useless. I always thought it was because of the splints and having it so tightly dressed when she was hysterical and sick."

She paused meditatively, and I hung forward for her next words. As I did so the silence of the unlighted room was pierced by the sound of a sharp cry from above. It was a woman's voice, shrill and imperious, calling.

(Continued on Page 17)

And She Sat that Way for Several Seconds, Motionless, Breathing Heavily

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

No Knocks for Knox

IT SO fell out that the Honorable Elias Deemer, Representative in Congress from the Fifteenth Pennsylvania District, was bitten by the dinner-giving bug along about the last of the session, and was infected up to the point of spreading himself over one of the banquet-rooms in the Willard Hotel with a feast that included most of the Pennsylvania contingent in Congress and the press gallery, together with such other notables from other States as his secretary could harpoon and tow to the festal board.

The Honorable Elias Deemer is from Williamsport, a thrifty citizen of a thrifty town, and not without an eye to the main chance. At a given point in the dinner loud cries were heard issuing from the windows of the banquet hall, loud cries that echoed up and down the wastes of Pennsylvania Avenue, and reverberated against the pillars of the new District Building that is slowly rising to completion across the way. Wayfarers paused and listened. Guests in the hotels turned uneasily in their beds and muttered, "Another one of them durned banquets!" and vigilant reporters rushed to the scene to find out what was disturbing Mr. Deemer's potlatch, and to inform the waiting world thereof.

It was a momentous moment. Something was doing, but what? A few words sufficed to tell the tale. The Honorable Elias Deemer, placing a long index finger on the psychological spot, rose in his seat and nominated the Honorable Philander Chase Knox, also of Pennsylvania and a Senator therefrom, for President. To be sure, the Honorable Elias Deemer has vested in him none of the rights, privileges and appurtenances of a national convention, but that was forgotten for the nonce, as the Pennsylvania writers sometimes say. Deemer deemed it his duty to make the nominating speech, and he made it, with a wealth of adjectives and a felicity of eulogistic expression that caused John Wesley Gaines to turn handsprings when he heard of it, and to subscribe to every known thesaurus not included in his library.

"Than whom," said Mr. Deemer—"Than whom is it more fitted the honor of going to the White House than Senator Philander Chase Knox? Than whom is it more fitting that the mantle of that grand man, Theodore Roosevelt, shall fall upon? Than whom?—and I pause for reply."

He got a reply that rattled the rafters. It was the unanimous opinion that than whom there was none than whomer than Mr. Knox, and the papers carried the story next morning, and Senator Knox put on his best modest expression and tried to laugh it off. It would not be laughed off. It was there, irrevocable and unreserved. The guests at the dinner of the Honorable Elias Deemer were for Knox first, last and all the time. They were planning to form Knox marching clubs and figured out a refrain that went like this: "Knox! Knox! Knox! He knocks them all. Knox! Knox! Knox!"

The high-browed editors said it was significant, that it was a sign that signified that President Roosevelt's declination to run again is to be taken seriously, and then went on to discuss and dissect Mr. Knox.

Of course it is to be taken seriously, for Mr. Knox is a serious man. There is nothing frivolous about the former Attorney-General. He has to be serious, for when a man is not much more than five feet tall it behooves him to look with grave eyes on what is going on. When he appeared first in Washington, with the finest team of road horses the Capital had seen, a facetious correspondent wrote to his paper a paragraph about these horses, and said Mr. Knox had named them "High-Ball" and "Seltzer." This brought from Mr. Knox a proclamation as thunderous as an opinion against predatory wealth. It was not true, and he protested against anything of the kind. He protested in polysyllables so ponderous that they might have been used in justice if the scandalous story had been circulated that he was calling his horses "Teddy" and "Roosey," which would be going some in idle persiflage for an Attorney-General.

The Serious Senator from Pennsylvania

The man who invented the word "dapper" had Knox in mind. He is so dapper that crasser persons wonder whether he bandboxes himself at night or merely puts himself in a clothes-press. He is easily the best-dressed man in the Senate, which isn't saying much, but means that he would be excellently well dressed anywhere. He is as prim and precise as a dancing master, and he is as far from having any of the other characteristics of a dancing master as Senator Pettus is. President Roosevelt used to call him "My sawed-off cherub," and he had some license for it, because Knox has a round and cherubic face; at least, his face conforms to such standards of cherubs as have been handed down to us by the old masters.

It is just as well, however, not to think of Knox as too cherubby. He isn't. He may look the part, but the period of adolescence has long since passed in his case. He is one of the great lawyers of the country and one of the greatest in the Senate. His knowledge of the Constitution is profound, and it is not complicated with any theories. He is a person who applies cold, hard sense to his illuminations of that much-lighted document, and he is recognized as being a master of his profession, both in and out of legislative circles.

Knox came to Washington from Pittsburg. He was a partner in a big law firm there and had been retained by some of the vast industries of that wonderful city. Professionally and personally, his sympathies were corporation in character. When he took the Attorney-Generalship he laid that all aside. He abandoned his former practice and took over the United States of America as a client. If the corporations expected any favors at his hands, they were grievously mistaken. He pursued them relentlessly under the Interstate Commerce Law, and he gained one or two victories that will always associate his name with tremendous legal achievement.

Knox is rich. He has ambitions. Thus, when Senator Quay died, Knox resigned as Attorney-General and was appointed Senator in Quay's place by Governor Pennypacker, and was afterward elected by the Pennsylvania Legislature.

The story went that Knox was selected for the place by Henry C. Frick and A. J. Cassatt, thus representing a small but potential constituency. This may or may not be true. The fact is that, when Knox resigned as Attorney-General to accept the Senatorship, his client changed from the United States to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and, being an adaptable person, Knox had no difficulty in taking the proper Pennsylvania viewpoint—with the Constitution as his buttress, of course, of course.

There has been no protest from Knox because of his boom. He appears to like it, although there is no evidence in his daily walk and talk that he is doing anything to foster it. He has gone in, though, to the glittering galaxy that already contains Fairbanks, Shaw, Taft, Cannon and a few others, and he is there, waiting to see what will turn up.

Pennsylvania has not had many Presidents, although Pennsylvania has had some candidates. Having a President at the vital point in our history that will be encompassed by the four years from March 4, 1909, isn't so imminent that it will be necessary to illuminate the City Hall in Philadelphia for a few days, at least.

Still there are other things to be considered. It is a game as old as politics to tie up State delegations for favorite sons, and then hold the delegations to see what will come out in the national convention wash. No man can deny that Philander Chase Knox is a favorite son of Pennsylvania—for present purposes. He can get the delegates, if the machine wants him to have them, and the machine can dispose of them at the crucial moment. This will not harm Mr. Knox, although it may not help him any, but it will help along those constructive lines that are now being laid down by some active gentlemen who need a President who will respond when they give the grand hailing sign.

Politics is a game where many hands are dealt and few are played. Knox for President sounds good. Knox for President would be good, so far as intellect and character are concerned, but Knox will not be President. He is merely a spoke in a big wheel that is being constructed, and he knows it and doesn't care. Therefore, let no one weep because of the sad fate as a defeated candidate that will be his.

He isn't a candidate. But you can't convince the Honorable Elias Deemer of that. It was Deemer's dinner, you know.

Never Again

Had the Birth-Rate Pat

"THE Scotch," said Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, "are certainly a witty people.

"Now, there was a visitor in the little town of Bowdoin, who, on looking about, saw no children, but only grown men and women. He wondered at this and, finally, meeting a weazened old man on the street, inquired: 'How often are children born in this town?'

"'Only once,' the man replied, as he proceeded on his way."

Circumstantial Evidence

CHICK BRUCE was a famous Adirondack guide who accompanied former President Cleveland on one or two of his hunting-trips in those mountains.

Chick left Mr. Cleveland sitting on a log one morning while he went out to drive down a deer should he chance to find one.

When he came back he saw his distinguished employer still sitting on the log, but with the muzzle of his gun pointing directly at the Presidential chest.

"Here!" shouted Chick, "quit that, dod gast ye! Supposin' that gun had gone off and you had killed yourself, what would have happened to me? Dern ye, everybody knows I'm a Republican!"

"Quit That, Dod Gast Ye!"

THE CAVE MAN

By JOHN CORBIN

XXXVIII

WISTAR broke the spell which had fallen on the company at Andrews' revelations. "I believe we owe you a rehearsal," he said to May and Billy. "Shall we begin?"

"No," Sears cried. "Not now!"

Wistar dismissed the musicians, mystified spectators of the scene, bidding them keep an eye on Andrews. Boyser came out from the house with the cup she had been mixing, poured out a glass, and offered it to each of the party in turn. One after another they refused it in silence.

"Is this the truth?" Judith asked Penryhn.

"Yes," he said sullenly. Then he turned to Boyser. "Kindly pack my bag. I'll send for it from the club." He started toward the gate. As he passed Wistar his sullen humor lighted with a flash of anger. "You've got me down here," he said. "But I'm not out—not by a long shot. There's many a turn in Wall Street!"

"It is, I am aware, a very crooked street!" Wistar turned away.

Penrhyn raised his chin defiantly. But as he did so his glance met Judith's, and his eyes fell.

She gave him her hand. "I'm not angry," she said. "I don't know why, but I am not. I'm very, very sorry for you. What you have threatened—you won't do it! You will keep your promise to him—our promise!"

As Penrhyn gazed at her, and heard the clear, kind cadence of her voice, a look came into his face which Wistar had never seen there before, and in which, in a flash, he read the secret of Judith's regard for the man. "If I promised to keep my word," Penrhyn said, and there was a real contrition in his voice, "I should not be believed, nor deserve to be. But I will keep *your* promise." He turned again to Wistar. "I don't ask you to believe even that. I may point out, however, that I have the same reason as always to want to hold you together with the rest of us. Once I thought I was clever enough to get the best of you—clever enough, and strong enough, and mean enough. I've done things I never dreamed I could; but I've reached the limit of my dirty work, and I guess I've reached the limit of my power. If you still wish to honor me as an associate I shall stand with you and by you!"

Without waiting for an answer he left them.

Judith turned an accusing glance upon Sears.

"Father!" she said, "you have lied to me!"

When Sears had heard the words in which his young associate renounced him he had hung his head. Now he lifted a face that was, in fact, too painful to be seen.

"It was for you, dearie!—to save you from want! I couldn't believe you cared for him!"

"For *me*? To *lie!*"

"Your pardon," said Wistar. "Good-night!" It was clearly not a scene for any one to witness. And Judith's manner toward Sears, so strangely in contrast with her leniency to Penrhyn, made him sick at heart. "No, no!" Judith cried. "Wait!" She turned to Sears. "What Mr. Wistar has done has been just and right from the start! Own up, Daddy, dear. It has!"

A hunted look came into the gentle, aging eyes.

"What must he think of us! What must we think of ourselves!"

The old man's hands shook, and he sank upon the bench, abashed, crushed. "I know! You loathe me! And I loathe myself! I wronged him. I ask his pardon. One more dream and it is all over. But before, at the awakening, I still had my honor—and your love."

Tears came into Judith's eyes and into her voice. "Oh, Daddy! How you must have suffered! I do love you. I shall always love you! *How* I love you!"

May, who had stood amazed, though uncomprehending, by Onderdonk's side, now knelt and caught the old man in her arms.

He struggled to his feet, leaned over and kissed her. "Good-night, child! Billy is the best fellow in the world. You will be happy."

He said no more, and presently Onderdonk led May away.

"Good-night, Judith. Believe me, sweetheart, you will learn to thank God you know what Penrhyn is, though it breaks your heart. That is my greatest sin, that I ever let you care for him!" He spoke like one on the verge of the grave.

"We shall still be happy!" Judith pleaded. "For you as well as for me, everything is *so* much better as it is!"

"I am an old man. Kiss me good-night."

Impulsively she threw her arms about him.

He smiled a faint, wan smile. "The eyes!" he said.

Joy lighted her face. "Bless you, dearest! Now I *know* I can make you happy!" She kissed him on the drooping lids.

"Your mother—she is with us now! Yes, I shall be happy!"

In sudden alarm she stood back from him. "Father! *What* are you thinking of?"

With an instinctive movement he thrust his hand into the pocket of his dinner-jacket. But her hand was as quick. She gripped his wrist and held it firm.

Wistar clutched the revolver and wrenched it away.

The old man winced with pain. "You hurt my shoulder!" he complained.

"Your shoulder!" Judith cried. "Again, Daddy, *again!*"

He turned upon Wistar. "You have taken everything else," he said. "Give me that! My life is still my own!"

"Father!" said Judith tenderly.

"If a poor cur on the street were sick, sick to death, you would kill him—kill him in mercy! Yet your father you condemn to live—to live in poverty, defeat, disgraced in the eyes of those he loves!"

"Father!" she repeated, her voice melting with love.

"You are right, dear," he said. "I must be brave. I will be brave!" Then he turned from them and went indoors.

Judith started after, but Wistar caught and held her. "Believe me!" he said. "It is not as it seems! It was my fault! If I had known what I know now, it never would have happened. I want you to tell him so, from me—tell him that I see my fault and stand ready to join him—under the terms Penrhyn has offered."

"You can do this—without violating your sense of what is right? May I tell him that? Do be quick! My place is there, with him!"

"Once when I promised this it *was* against my conscience. In the old days I was the cave man, blind to the new ideas. Your father understood them. Little by little I have learned from experience what no argument could convince me of—his largeness and his wisdom. What we have accomplished, his genius foresaw it all! He may be weak—Penrhyn was masterful and played on every foible. But in his mind and his heart he is right!"

Already she had left him. With a single flash his darkest hour had turned to the most glorious dawn. The suddenness and the vastness of the prospect before him dazed him, even while it filled him with confidence and joy.

Then, from within the house, a loud cry fell upon his ears, a wail of anguish and horror that stabbed him like a knife in his heart. When it was repeated he had gained the door and was mounting the stairs within. In another second a sight burst upon him which he was destined never to forget. Judith lay prostrate and convulsed upon the form of her father, still writhing in a pool of blood. Through the window the full moon shone, and upon her hair, faintly golden, was a crimson blot.

XXXIX

WISTAR gathered her in his arms and, heedless of tears and protestations, carried her downstairs and into the open air. When he released her she looked at him once, then shrank away in horror and loathing. The handkerchief with which he had cleansed her hair was still crumpled in his hand.

"Let me go back to him!" she commanded harshly. "Never let me see you again!"

He recoiled, yet still blocked the way. Out of the shadows May hurried toward them, and Onderdonk with her.

"Father—is it father?" she cried.

A new horror fell upon Judith.

Wistar bowed his head.

"He is dead?" The young girl scanned each face in turn.

Judith was mute, and Wistar still bowed his head.

"Did you say dead? Oh, Billy!" But even as she cried out, her voice was of one who did not understand. "Dead?" she asked blankly. "My daddy?" Then she sprang toward the veranda.

It was Judith who caught her. "No, no! Not yet! It is too terrible!"

For a moment the sisters stood sobbing in each other's arms. Then May freed herself, and with incoherent cries, turned from Judith and sank upon Onderdonk's shoulder. The young man held her a moment, and then he led her away, dazed and unresisting.

Judith stood alone. Again she tried to pass Wistar, yet shrank from him as she did so. Again he barred the way. "I can only protect you," he said, "as you protected her."

"I must go! I can't stay alone—alone!" Then again she looked at him, shuddering. "Leave me with him!" she sobbed. "Let me never see you again!"

He desired nothing more than to go; but he stood to his post, and Mrs. Boyser abetted him, bringing rugs and cushions and wraps. She spread them on the grass, and forced Judith to lie down on them. Then she disappeared and Wistar heard her at the telephone, summoning the needful aid.

Judith turned her face from him and lay on the ground, outbursts of grief followed by still more agonized moments of grief, silent and restrained. And so a night began, the horror of which left a lifelong mark on all of them.

A breeze came and with it coolness and the freshness of the sea.

The moon floated above with a serene, unsentient beauty that fell upon Wistar's heart like a blight. By and by, something bade him look at the window above. All his efforts to resist it failed, and he raised his eyes. The shade had been decently drawn; yet nothing would banish from his mind the vision of what was there, or stay the recurrent waves of horror that it brought him. With

Judith the silences became longer, but always there followed the convulsion of grief that would not be repressed, yet could find no utterance.

Then came the bitterest hours of Wistar's vigil, in which little by little, in the intervals of grief, his heart spoke to him, at first in vague intimations, formless and uncomprehended, and then in self-accusations, definite and overpowering. When he had said to Judith, such a little while ago as time is measured, that he also had been to blame, he had only indulged in the luxury of magnanimous self-accusation. He did not, even now, convict himself of any conscious wrong.

He had been ignorant of the world about him, of the world of which he was a part; and, when he had been forced to recognize that world, he had still disdained it. At the outset, the situation had lain in his hands. But he had turned his back on those whose outlook was wider than his own. And so it had come to this—a wise and amiable father in the room above, and a daughter here, shielded from the too passionate promptings of filial love by the hand red with destruction. A few hours and then Judith must never see him again.

And all the time—beneath, beyond, within his pity for her and his own remorse—was something vague and uncomprehended, yet insistent and overpowering. It brushed upon his cheek, tingled ecstatically in his fingers, fluttered caressingly about the tips of his ears. It was in the first gray light of dawn that he knew it for what it was. She had held her hands in his with light-hearted endearment; she had put her cheek against his own in mockery; she had flouted him with a soft little tug on his ear. She was a girl who could be comrades with a man, and she had taken him to her frank, brave heart. Never, never could he forget that. And always as he remembered it, he must remember also this hour.

He rose to his feet in anguish, and gazed upon her face, turned away from him. She had fallen asleep at last, he saw, every sense extinguished by the excess of what she had endured. In any young face the outline of cheek and chin is a line of beauty, though often void of expression. In hers it had all the softness, all the sweet opulence of full-blooded health, and, besides, the little, individual crinkle of her eye, at once grave and caressing, the wreathing of her mouth, mocking and also tender.

For as the daylight strengthened, he saw that in her sleep she was smiling. He would not have supposed that there was anything left for him to suffer; but that smile, joyous, serene, beatific, and the thought of what she must wake to, had a pang more poignant still. His knees bent beneath him, and he fell to the ground beside her, his chest heaving, tears streaming from his eyes.

With a little start she awoke. The smile vanished, and she turned a questioning glance upon him.

"Is it true?" she asked, in a sudden fear. "Just now I dreamed—that it had all been only a dream!" For a moment more she looked at him, questioning, unconvinced. Then all the intimate, varied lines of her face contracted to one note of woe. Again she cried out as she had cried in the first awful moment of her discovery.

In obedience to an impulse that was stronger than reverence for her, stronger than remorse, he took her in his arms.

"You poor child!" was all he could say, and he said it again and again.

In a passion of grief and tenderness she threw her arms about him, and strained him to her breast.

"Jim, Jim!" she sobbed, repeating her new name for him over and over.

She hid her face and sobbed afresh. And now, for the first time, the utterance of her grief was full and brought relief.

For a moment he endured it. Then, gently, he put her from him. In another instant she must remember even him. It would have been braver, perhaps, to grant her this moment of solace to the full. But he did not deem it so; and, crushed as he was, there was one depth of injury of which he did not wish her to believe him capable.

Yet still she clung to his hands. "What is it?" she said, by and by, reading pain in his eyes.

"You forget—what I am. I wouldn't have stayed by you—I couldn't—except that you needed me!"

She remembered now, and the horror of it came back into her eyes. But the measure she took to banish the sight of him was to bury her face again on his shoulder and with a more convulsive tenderness. "You tried—tried in all ways to save him! Let me love you! You are all I have!"

Again her grief returned, and she shook violently beneath it. But she held him closer in her arms.

By and by she was calmer, and in a brief interval of silence they heard the birds singing. The liquid notes soothed and caressed them; and, little by little, brought the strength of life and its courage.

She released him, her face brave and composed. "I am ready now," she said.

He understood and, rising, lifted her to her feet. Supporting each other, they went indoors. The thing that had haunted them both all through the night lay in the bed, still and pale. But the face was composed, resigned.

Upon Her Hair, Faintly Golden, was a Crimson Blot

She laid the weight of her arm upon his shoulder, and he knelt with her, hand in hand, while she uttered a brief prayer—a prayer to God and to her father. Then she arose and, for the first time, she kissed him.

Then, for the first time, he kissed her.

"We can bear it now," she said—"we two, together."

XL

WISTAR'S return to affairs was made easier by the feeling that he had a duty of piety toward the thing which the dead man had held so dear. In the eyes of the business world, he found, it had needed only the news of the old man's despair to change an uneasy conjecture into certainty. It was soon the general belief that the successful career of the combination had come to an end.

In the sudden panic, which resulted from this, the stock tumbled.

Wistar came to the rescue with as full a statement of the case as the circumstances permitted, and backed up his hopeful augury by buying largely of the floods of stock that poured upon the market. But the memory of his recent operation was too fresh to allow his word, or even what he did, to pass at its face value. It took time and persistent and enormous buying to put a check upon the panic, which Wistar had first to meet.

His former sales of the stock on a rising market had, grotesquely enough, left him much richer, and, at the present low quotations, his holdings swelled until it was now clearly possible for him to buy a majority, or at least enough to make him master of the situation.

At last the public awoke to it.

One day the reporters came to him and plied him with questions as to the events leading up to Mr. Sears' death.

He paused a moment before answering, as his custom was, and another moment, and another. Presently, he realized in horror that there was nothing he could say: he saw what he had done as the world was beginning to see it.

He had wrecked the company, and out of the wreckage he had built it up again, with himself in supreme control and possessed of the millions of his enemies and of the speculative public.

He took the discovery to Judith, fearful of what she might think of him. She said nothing, but burst into laughter—the first since she had worn black.

In the early months of their married life it was a never-failing source of delight to her to call him a company-wrecker, and she learned to make the word a climax to a series of horrid epithets. So she continued to mock and distress him with her concoctions till their son was born.

Then, when she had found the name for his latest achievement, "Is it true," he pleaded, "that the father of James Wistar, Jr., is a speculator, a market-rigger, a company-wrecker?"

"No, Jim," she said, and only those who have the love of useful invective can value her sacrifice, "you are only a poor, but honest, cave man."

"You can't make me mad with that name," he retorted, "when you are the cave maiden."

She looked a while into the round, staring eyes of James Wistar, Jr. Then, with an inscrutable, happy smile, she said: "Am I?"

(THE END)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Skinning East and West

WE NOTICE with pleasure that a new Mining Stock Exchange has been opened in Chicago.

Several predecessors experienced hard lines. One, we believe, was broken up by the ruthless intrusion of a gentleman who had two thousand shares of a prime favorite to sell, and demanded real money for his property. As no member had any real money, although all were ready to bid fabulous sums upon a fraternal understanding that the bid was merely for the encouragement of suckers, the enterprise was forced to suspend. The other exchanges went out of business mostly because landlords heartlessly required the rent to be paid.

We wish the new venture well. If it succeeds it will add a bond to the ties that bind East and West. Beyond the great Continental Divide the lure of the New York Stock Exchange mostly fails. Our trans-Rocky brethren, in the main, prefer to bet their money on mining and real-estate gambles, eschewing the classic form of being skinned that obtains in the East. And, save by liberal newspaper advertising, it is difficult to separate the Easterner from his funds on a Western mining proposition. Thus an insidious class and sectional division arises in our grand Republic.

The Pacific Coast has no sympathy with the Atlantic Seaboard when it is trimmed in Steel common, and Massachusetts scoffs at California's woes when a mining gamble flattens out. Let us all bet more on one another's loaded dice, for the sake of solidarity of national feeling. With this view we wish the Chicago Mining Exchange well.

Jones on Municipal Ownership

WHEN all is said and done, the thing about the public ownership of public utilities which directly interests the taxpayer is: Does it pay? If it does—that is, if, under municipal administration of public utilities, taxes are not increased, and carfares and water, gas and electric-light bills are reduced, while these services remain as efficient as he has been used to—then the taxpayer is for municipal ownership, and the cry of paternalism is a noise to him, and nothing more. The difficulty is that, where Jones has found the thing to work one way in his town, Brown has found it to work after exactly contrary fashion in his. And, until local conditions are alike the country over, such will continue to be the case.

But this fact, while it renders inconclusive the experience of those who have tried public ownership, does not deprive that experience of suggestion, and particularly is this so when a patient and apparently faithful trial has been given to the scheme. Such a trial, it is admitted, has been made by several of the principal cities of England, and, in London, municipal ownership has just been made an election issue with the result of being overwhelmingly repudiated. From this it would seem that the Londoner who pays the bills is convinced of the mistake of the scheme as a working plan.

Whether or not he should have been willing to give more time to the plan depends somewhat upon the point of view. The advocates of municipal ownership rested their case largely upon the argument that what had already been accomplished justified the continuation and extension of the plan. And, according to their bookkeeping, on its face municipal administration of certain public utilities had been a profitable venture. There has developed within the past few years, however, a steadily growing skepticism of these paper balances, and a large number of taxpayers, before they would indorse municipal ownership, were for having a satisfactory explanation of the increasing municipal indebtedness and local government expenditure, as well as the excessive local taxes. Moreover, when a Londoner can buy his gas from a privately-owned company for fifty cents a thousand, while in the city of Manchester, where coal is no dearer than in London, a gas company operated by the municipality charges fifty-eight cents for its product, and when he has in his own town two tramways, charging the same fare, the one run by the municipality showing a reported profit in five years of about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, the other run by a private company showing a profit in the same period of over nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars—with these things before him, the Londoner is apt to do some figuring on his own account, and, as a result, show a personal-expense bill that is of far more interest to him and to his neighbors than is any statement prepared by the public thinkers. However much municipal ownership in London may have been involved with the issues growing out of a Socialist propaganda, its recent repudiation presumably was due to no small extent to an economic reasoning more personal in application and more immediate in its premises.

Municipal ownership in the United States has had its ups and downs—perhaps mostly downs. Philadelphia gave an admirable illustration in the management of its gas plant of how not to do it; Tom Johnson is trying his hand at it now in Cleveland; Chicagoans will have submitted to them in a short time a proposition for the leasing of the city railway to private companies with a provision that the city may acquire the properties later for a fixed sum. Whatever its manifestations have been, municipal ownership will continue to be given practical trial because public services, as administered by private corporations, with very few exceptions, are not, never have been and never will be, in point of efficiency and economy, what they should be, considering what the taxpayer gives the companies and the profits which the companies make for themselves.

Nerves a National Ailment

NEURASTHENIA is a long word and a naughty one; it covers a multitude of sins and follies. No other disease known to man is so characteristically national as nerves. It has become a joke, a bore, a reproach; but it remains a fact.

The symptoms of the malady are widespread and wonderfully varied: Mr. Harriman's famous "Wow, wow, wow" is as clear a pathological mark as the President's incessant activity, or Mr. Rockefeller's baldness and golf habit, or Tom Lawson's advertising mania. Very few of our great men, in fact, fail to betray some signs of the national disease.

But the collective phase of nerves, the neurasthenic condition of the community, is more interesting than any individual case. Large masses of apparently healthy citizens manifest an evident hysteria over some trivial or disgusting topic of news. Another form of the community attack of the nerves is the craze such as the bridge mania through which we are now passing. The same lesson could be found in the current drama, in the thirst for elemental plays, or in popular fiction. The book advertisements of a Saturday newspaper are enough to convict the publishers and writers of neurasthenia, if not the readers of their wares. The shriek and the scream are all symptoms.

The one cure is fresh air, and less of the cause, whatever it may be—less drink, or money-making, or ambition, or love of filth. The neurasthenic is rarely incurable; he is often a brilliant person temporarily unbalanced. If he gets hold of himself in time he may avoid the rest cure. And the public, if it takes a brace, may avoid a kind of national rest cure, which is depressing and costly.

With the Sweetening Left Out

JUDGING from the meagre information available there seems to be a great deal of truth in Mr. Havemeyer's plea that the protective duty on refined sugar is a cruel mockery. While for other important industries, he says, the tariff provides a pabulum as agreeable to the palate and as fattening as his own saccharine product, to the poor Sugar Trust it gives a lemon.

Except as to its troubles, the trust does not take the public into its confidence. The thing humorously styled its annual report might about as well be a laundry-bill. Judging from this obscure document, however, it appears that, last year, the trust earned not much more than enough to pay seven per cent. on its capital stock. It has been vigorously maintained that only about half of this capital stock is water, which would give, say, barely fifteen per cent. a year on the investment. If this can be true, Mr. Havemeyer is right in claiming that his trust is scandalously discriminated against. Where can you find another protected industry that earns only fifteen per cent. on the actual investment of the trust that dominates it?

The protective duty on raw sugar, as the chief of the trust has pointed it out, amounts to giving the planters of Louisiana and Hawaii a yearly bounty of twenty million dollars. But this large bonus is scattered and, as you might say, frittered away among a large number of independent producers. We should favor taking it away from them and giving it to Mr. Havemeyer, in order that the net effect of high tariff in respect of the sugar industry might be equalized with its effect in other fields.

The Unwritten Law of Chivalry

THE captain of the steamer who escaped from his sinking ship with his own life, when many of those in his care were lost, had better never have been born. Whether he acted according to the rules prescribed by law or not, whether or not he might have succeeded in saving one life by deferring his own safety, is really immaterial; it was his business to be the last to leave the ship.

There are professions that exact more than duty, in which mere courage is not enough. They demand a willingness for personal sacrifice, which is chivalry. The engineer must stick to his throttle, the captain to his ship, without consideration of self, without any calculation of possible returns for his devotion. Modern life, in fact, requires more kinds of courage than any previous civilization; it requires, also, chivalry—that is, an unselfish, perhaps even illogical, devotion to others.

Chivalry is not reckoned in the job, is not paid for by the day; but it has its reward in the respect and the honor of men. Fortunately, the daily chronicle of calamities records many heroes.

The Price of Genius

THE great man is wont to consider himself as privileged and exempt from the ordinary moral proscriptions that hedge in his lesser fellows. For the free exercise of his unusual powers he is likely to take liberties with that one of the Ten Commandments which galls him personally most, generally the seventh or the eighth, sometimes both. His admirers are ready to hand out the stock apologies: he moves in another world, where the ordinary code of morals does not operate.

It is useless to deny that the world's biography of human greatness amply confirms this view. Abnormal or extra-normal powers have taken abnormal or extra-normal liberties, not to say license—and they have been condoned. Are the results worth the damage done to the moral code—to the general stability of society?

In America, where we look freshly on moral values, there seems to be an odd inconsistency in popular sentiment. We pardon the thief, if he is a big enough thief—rather admire him, in fact—but we are hard on the libertine. The genius may be light-fingered and greedy, but not dirty.

Each According to His Lights

SENATOR SPOONER is an able man. That, in his sixteen years in the Senate, he did his duty according to his lights need not be questioned. Also, the lights themselves are first class—none better to be had. The trouble was with their location. They were all on the stern—not a tallow dip on the bow. Probably this is where a constitutional lawyer's lights ought to be; but for statesmanship the arrangement has disadvantages.

In his later years, for example, the Dred Scott decision would probably have been, for Mr. Spooner, the conclusive fact about slavery. There was the law and the Constitution of the question. We do not think it any dishonor that to his type of mind the paper word has a much higher sanction than the needs of the living human beings for whose good solely the word was supposed to have been uttered. That the prime purpose for which peas exist is that they may be protected by the pod is an idea pretty firmly lodged in legal intellectuals. They don't actually say that it is better to wither in the mould than to crack it; but they are much more actually alarmed over threats of a crack than over symptoms of withering.

We sincerely wish Mr. Spooner fortune and happiness in the practice of his profession. In the Senate his usefulness has been limited—not so much through his own fault as because we are not sailing backward.

Wanted—Some Original Spenders

THERE are at present in the United States a goodly number of Aladdins with a fine assortment of copper, oil and other lamps. When they rub, the millions gush.

What we need more and more are some wise Sultans, to go about our cities by night and dream big schemes of giving. An Al-Raschid would not have to prowl far along the Chicago River or in lower New York to discover enough to keep him busy for an active lifetime.

How infinite are the ways of creating human happiness, and how pitifully few our philanthropists have found! Imagination in the line of giving is lamentably in need of exercise. Libraries and colleges, yes; but also a bit of sunshine here and there let into the crowded checkerboards of our city blocks, and vast wooded parks where toiling ones may forget for an hour the blessing of labor.

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY

NEARLY always, Edward H. Harriman, Emperor of High Finance—or Buccaneer of the same, according to your personal view; although the buccaneer designation is running ahead in the outlying districts—comes to Washington in a silent, not to say furtive, manner, sees his people, does his business and departs without even the hotel register being the wiser for his advent.

Ordinarily, he comes in that way, but his latest visit, viewed with much interest by the whole country and with eager curiosity by Congress, had nothing of the old style about it. He arrived this time just after he had been before the Interstate Commerce Commission in New York, and had told the Commissioners how to mortgage a railroad that wasn't built and a few other stray bits of information concerning sublimated railroading. He brought his son with him. They made a grand parade up Pennsylvania Avenue, with flags flying and bells ringing, flanked by outriding personal counsel and other representatives, countermarched on the Willard Hotel, formed a Maltese cross and some other fancy-drill movements in the lobby, shot off a few skyrockets while the great man was registering, and put up placards announcing that Mr. Harriman was in Suite No. 101 and wanted to see everybody.

There were barkers at the door, calling attention to the arrival of Harriman. Gentlemanly agents were in the corridors and restaurants, asking all comers if they did not desire a few minutes' conversation with Harriman. Every reporter who arrived had a rose pinned on him, and was taken forthwith to the Presence. Mr. Harriman was most gracious. He had out the glad hand. He was prepared to talk on any topic, from the difference between a preferential rate and a differential to the points of resemblance between the Dravidian and the exotic pig. He had conversation on tap for any emergency and for any question. He was as voluble as a woman's club. He aired and hot-aired all his opinions, views, thoughts and musings. He took a running jump into the middle of any topic that was suggested, grappled it and went to the mat.

As to reporters—they were his long-lost friends. His admiration for the men who write the news, he said, knew no bounds. He realized that, as a public character, the public was entitled to have an inkling of his plans and purposes, and he wasn't averse to furnishing—in fact, he was anxious to furnish—the ink. Men who had on previous occasions tried to get expressions of opinions or confirmations of stories from Mr. Harriman, and had never reached a point nearer to him than the office of the second assistant valet to the fourth assistant secretary to the secretary of The Secretary, went around in a daze. Here was a reversal of form that made a selling race at New Orleans look like a meeting of the directors of the Peabody Institute. If it happened that some of the reporters had other things to do, they were captured and borne, shrieking, into his room, and forced to listen to what he had to say.

Put Out the Welcome Doormat

HE WENT to the Capitol, hobnobbed with Senators for whom he used to have one of his men telephone, took luncheon with ordinary Representatives, called at the White House, and was on view from dawn to dark, with a string of doormats, each having "Welcome" on it, leading up to his door, and a phonograph on the table shouting: "Come on in, boys; the water's fine!"

Washington gasped and gurgled. Washington beat its brows in dull wonder; went over and looked dumbly at the Monument to see if its tip was on straight. A snowstorm that was complicated with a hot wind and thunder and lightning caused no comment. Anything might happen when Harriman had unlocked the door to his innermost thoughts and thrown away the key. His loquacity continued for five days. It seemed as if he had made a merger of Senator Bacon, John Wesley Gaines and William Sulzer, and was distributing-agent for the word-output, and he wound up with a pyrotechnic display of opinion-giving that put the stamp of amateur on J. Ham. Lewis forever and forever.

The silent Harriman? Surely! Silent as a Populist convention when the subject of free whiskers is under discussion. The inscrutable Harriman? Certainly! Inscrutable as the press agent of a Broadway star. This quiet, domineering man? Of course! Domineering as an Indiana candidate for office at a barbecue.

And Harriman is not the only one. Other Captains of Industry have been in Washington this winter who have sent out general alarms for reporters, that they might take the public into their confidence. Other high financiers have blown in and blown up and blown out in the hope their language might do something to stem the tide. It has been a winter of communication.

What has happened to the Harrimans and all the rest of them is that they are scared. They have just discovered that the crusade against illegal combinations of capital, against violation of the anti-trust laws and their manipulations and schemes is genuine. To their intense amazement they find a lot of honest men at work uncovering things they have been allowed to do undisturbed for years, and they are condescending to tell the public they mean well, and really are not so bad as they have been painted. They are squealing like lost souls with their tails caught in the crack of the door. They have discarded the old Vanderbilt estimation of the public, and are standing on the threshold, with arms outstretched, beginning a campaign of self-vindication that they should have begun fifteen years ago. They have just realized that they haven't a friend in the world except the men they hire, and they are not so sure of them. And the whole proceeding has been illuminating, not to say instructive.

Spooner Makes a Big Splash

SENATOR SPOONER'S resignation from the Senate dropped into that body on the Sunday afternoon just before the close of Congress, and made as much commotion as if Secretary Taft had fallen through the stained-glass ceiling of the Senate and landed on Vice-President Fairbanks' bald spot.

The Senate respects Spooner for his honesty and his ability, and everybody is sorry to see him go. Every one realizes that his reason for leaving is legitimate. He is sixty-four years old, and poor. If he wants to make any money for his family, he must make it now, for he never can get anything ahead on his salary. Moreover, it is well known that Spooner is getting tired.

Every time the Administration is in a hole, a gong is beaten for Spooner to come and pull it out. He is sent for in the ticklish places. He has always been the advocate for the White House in parlous times. He has been called on to frame the compromises that have saved faces on both sides. And, I heard some Senators say on the afternoon of the resignation, his reward in the way of that patronage and recognition a public man must have has not always been commensurate with the exertion required.

The most astonished person in the country was Senator LaFollette. He was at home, ill, when the news came to him by telephone. He refused to believe it, refused to credit any part of the story, would not accept a statement from his own men that the letter of resignation was in the hands of the newspapers. It was foreign to LaFollette's mind that Spooner, his dearest foe, should retire at this time. He scented plots and counterplots. When he did acknowledge that the resignation was a fact, he also admitted it was well timed politically. Which, by the way, may have been in Senator Spooner's mind also.

Spooner and LaFollette hate one another with a hate that is always at the boiling point. Their personal relations are restricted to necessary intercourse in the Senate chamber, where they treat one another with an exaggerated courtesy that would be funny if it was not based on such extreme dislike. A time ago Senator Spooner secured the nomination, by the President, of Frank R. Bentley, a Wisconsin Spooner man, for collector of internal revenue for the second district of that State.

LaFollette's pompadour grew an inch higher when he heard of it. He announced by all the nine gods of war, as well as by any other gods that might be pressed into service, that he would never allow Bentley to be confirmed. He put his hand on his heart and said he would talk continuously, from then to the end of the session, if need be, to prevent consideration of Bentley by the Senate in executive session. He was in earnest about it, too, and things looked squally for Bentley.

Spooner was under no delusions about the opposition to Bentley by his colleague. However, Spooner is somewhat of a politician, along with his other accomplishments. He made no announcements. He put on his thickest-soled felt slippers and polled the committee to which Bentley's name was referred without any spectacular demonstrations. He got a unanimous favorable report. The name was ready to go up for confirmation.

Fooling the Faithful Sentry

ONE afternoon, when there was to be an executive session for confirmations, Spooner walked casually over behind LaFollette's seat. He bowed in a dignified manner to LaFollette and talked with some friends. Then, in a lull in the debate, he said loudly, so LaFollette could hear: "I am going up to Senator Hale's committee-room. If anybody wants me send for me up there."

He walked out. Senator Aldrich moved an executive session a few minutes later. Spooner was not on the floor when the doors were closed.

"Ha," said Senator LaFollette, "he is in Hale's committee-room. If he returns he will call up the name of Bentley. I shall watch to see if he returns."

The Senator went out and patrolled the corridor. The executive session went on. LaFollette was there, waiting, alert, ready to follow Spooner in. He had eyes in all directions. Spooner was not to slide into the chamber and call up that hated name. Spooner sat comfortably in Hale's room. LaFollette stood guard until the executive session was over.

"Ha," he said again, "I have foiled him this time. Bentley shall not be confirmed."

Then he went back to his seat and discovered that Bentley had been confirmed a few minutes before by a unanimous vote and without protest. You see, Senator Spooner had asked Senator Aldrich to call up Bentley's name at a favorable moment, and Aldrich, always willing to oblige an old friend, thought the moment when LaFollette was absent extremely favorable, so he called it up and put it through. Which shows that the path the reformers must tread certainly is hard on the feet.

Those patriotic gentlemen in the Senate who are of the opinion that it is unconstitutional for anybody but their friends to cut the timber on the public lands in the West, and who think it in opposition to the principles of the Republic to have those friends pay anything for what they cut, view with alarm the policy of President Roosevelt to establish forest reservations. They are opposed to forest reservations, arguing they are a subversion of all known laws, and that it is not an executive but a legislative function to set apart forest reservations. Also, they

(Concluded on Page 31)

LIMITING OPPORTUNITY

The Man Who Works for a Trust

By JAS. H. COLLINS

PICK out any trust you please. Let its capital be a million or a billion. Go back over its history, and it will yield a pro rata share of stories of personal success.

How the president began on three dollars a week. How you can read mastery in the lower jaw of the first vice-president. How the second vice-president smiled grimly when questioned about his beginnings, and the secretary-treasurer preserved a significant silence.

Pile the salaries on top of one another, and make the capitalization visible by showing how many times it would reach to the moon.

It all yields bully good stuff as polite literature.

Still, pshaw! Here's Bill Hoover, young, ambitious, no capital, no job, no idea where to take hold of the old world. What are the trusts going to do for Bill? He may be a corporation president in embryo. Where is he going to begin to climb? How can he land one of these trust jobs? How will he hold it, and how will he like it?

It might be well for young Mr. Hoover to sit down, first of all, and try to realize what a trust really is. This isn't easy. These monsters are talked of glibly by everybody, and it is assumed that we know all about them. But they are less than ten years old, and most of their business is conducted behind closed doors. No two are alike. President Roosevelt speaks of "good trusts" and "bad trusts." Yet who has made parallel columns, separating the black sheep from the white?

Not Much More Than a Generation Ago Jay Gould Began Business Life as a Book-Agent

Few pause to reflect how the structures of these mighty creatures run through the whole nation. Enough has been said about the thousands of stockholders. Now for an insight into the employees.

The Steel Trust and Copper Trust combined employ enough men, if brought together with their families, to make a city the size of Philadelphia. Estimated roughly, they have an employee for each forty-five hundred dollars of par capital. If these employees are all heads of families, then a mouth is fed for each nine hundred dollars of the capital. The Tobacco Trust, with two hundred thousand employees, has one for each three thousand dollars of par capital, and the Telephone Trust one for each two thousand dollars. Apply this illustration to four hundred industrial, transportation and public-service corporations, with more than twenty billions of capital. Allow one employee for each five thousand dollars capital. Deduct a percentage for girls, and mass the breadwinners with their families and we have a community of about fifteen million souls. Now, whether this is a good condition or a bad one let others decide. It shows that the trusts, far from being the personal concern of a few thousand millionaires, ramify, ramify, ramify through the whole nation. Throw a stone anywhere east of the Mississippi, and it is likely to hit some chap who has a grub-stake in a trust.

The cartoonists' symbols, too, fade quickly from mind when one actually sets out to visit the trusts in their lairs.

At 26 Broadway, or 111 Fifth Avenue, or 71 Broadway, the strongholds of Oil, Tobacco and Steel, one comes, from the noisy street into an atmosphere peculiar to all big, aggressive American business. No shouting or running about, but leisure, dignity, courtesy. Standard Oil's building is quiet as a church. The elevator men are civil. As a reporter you have come to ask H. H. Rogers what he thinks of Thomas Lawson. The Sunday editor wants to know. You won't see Mr. Rogers, and may get the impression that you are matter out of place. Yet nobody considers it worth while to be ruffled by one reporter with one fool question—in fact, there is sympathy for you and amusement over the question.

Number 111 Fifth Avenue hates reporters. For a subordinate to talk for publication would probably mean discharge. You want certain tobacco statistics. A department chief has them two feet from his nose. But you won't get them. American Tobacco has hundreds of young men from Virginia and North Carolina who never lose their Southern accent. Send them to Cuba, to London, to Turkey for years, and they come back with it intact. The chief has it.

"Hadn't you betta' ask Mista' Roosevelt fo' those figures?" he queries dryly. As you start for the door he adds hospitably: "But come in an' see us, anyway." There is a rule against talking to reporters, but none against being courteous.

The trusts have a pleasant side, as well as an unpleasant. Courtesy isn't much solace to the manufacturer they squeeze out of business. But the pleasant side is uppermost when a man works for them.

The cartoonist draws the trust magnate with a thick neck and an impervious hide. The editor who denounces a trust magnate feels that he cannot write with too much heat, for the magnate won't see his screed, anyway, and isn't sensitive if he does. But if there is anything that magnates *do* see it is what is written about themselves and their companies. They spend half-days thinking of this criticism, and mighty unpleasant ones, too. When Mr. Lawson was castigating Mr. Rogers there appeared one morning in the New York Sun a display advertisement addressed to Mr. Rogers personally. It was inserted by a helpful gentleman who said he had a plan whereby Mr. Rogers might counteract Mr. Lawson's attacks. To this day, it is said, that man believes his advertisement was never read at 26 Broadway. But it was. Fully a week after it appeared he was called to an office some distance from 26 Broadway, and his advice asked in a matter remote from oil interests. After one pleasant talk the affair ended. *That* was Mr. Rogers looking the gentleman over by deputy, they say. The latter hadn't expected results in that form. He thought, probably, that Mr. Rogers would reply in a full-page advertisement.

But, if the magnate reads what is said about him, why doesn't he reform? Here in the morning paper is a complete program.

Because he has his own point of view. He is in touch with industrial movements that the public may not know about for five years. He sees behind the trusts themselves a trend toward industrial concentration that appears to him as strong and impartial as the law of gravitation. He flinches under the lash, but is exasperated that economists and editors cannot see what he sees. He also attributes, and rightly, much of this punishment to politics. He knows that some of it is insincere, and he charges up a good share to plain competition. One of the New York department stores, for instance, has been suing an association because the latter refused to sell it goods to be closed out at cut prices. Several favorable decisions have been given the plaintiff, and as each is handed down the store makes it the nub of some fine, righteous anti-trust advertising. The proprietor of this store is a humanitarian of national repute, interested in welfare work among his employees, in charities, in education. And yet it is said on good authority that he heads a "dry-goods combine," that, in a night, can take thousands of dollars of revenue from any metropolitan newspaper by cutting off the advertising of a half-dozen stores. Another case of fighting the trusts for purely competitive purposes is shown in the outcry of country merchants against the mail-order houses, and the opposition to parcels post. This outcry, it is asserted, has been regularly organized by jobbing houses. In the magazine or newspaper article the whole trust question can be pictured in black and white. But in actuality it becomes a complicated study in gray tones.

A Young Man of Public-School Education and Little Business Training Applied for a Place with a Trust

These little glimpses inside the trusts may put Bill Hoover in possession of their point of view. If he gets a trust job he will get this point of view, and the pride of being part of something that is the biggest ever of its kind, and the courtesy that prevails among able business men. As a member of a trust's selling, manufacturing, executive, clerical or legal force he will also become absorbed in what he does—or get out. Bill's trust may have some downright dirty work on hand. But Bill's little detail will be more or less clean. The trust has planned a movement that will crush some rival like a fly. But it is carried on as a selling campaign, and Mr. Hoover will be interested in going over last year's sales records and beating them month by month. It is like war. If Bill had been in Grant's trenches before Petersburg, and saw a good pot-shot at a Confederate rifleman, the consequences of that rifleman's death to his family would have been far from his mind. If war is hell, so is business, and both are intensely interesting on the spot, and the man who works on salary for a trust seldom buries any of its dead. What if the war be against the Japanese tobacco monopoly? Or selling steel rails in Europe in competition with England? Or oil in competition with Russia?

They Attend the Company's Monthly Dinner

If Bill Hoover is the right sort of chap, there are at least two things bearing on his case that are absolutely certain. First, that the trusts have a job for him. Second, that they also have a career cut out for him as far upward as he is able to climb.

It is known that corporations buy out competitors to perfect their monopoly. But how many persons have heard of a trust buying up a business to get the man at the head of it? One trust has done this in a score of instances.

A certain family in the South, two brothers and two sisters, owned a factory that cleared about twenty thousand dollars a year. Each drew out about three thousand dollars a year, and the rest went into the plant. The long arm of the trust reached out, that factory was purchased, its brands disappeared in six months. The sisters got capital enough to give them a better income than the factory had yielded. One of the brothers took a three-thousand-dollar place with the trust. The other brother was the man who was really wanted. He now gets ten thousand dollars a year.

How about the small, unknown man? What does a corporation do for him?

Here are two typical histories of such men, based on actual cases:

A young man of twenty, living in New York, public-school education and little business training, applied for a place with a trust, and was put into the auditing department at ten dollars a week. He had no introduction and passed no examination. A department chief saw him, liked him, thought he would do, and hired him on a human basis. Nothing startling happened the first two or three years—the man wasn't a Heaven-born genius, even at figures. But his salary had crept up to twenty-five dollars the fourth year, and the organization knew he was good protoplasm. Then he was put on the work of checking receipts of raw material, learned something about this stock, and got up to thirty dollars a week. Then a demand came from the company's organization abroad for a bright young man at twenty-five hundred dollars to three thousand dollars. This man was selected, not because he had occult knowledge of the raw

material, but because he knew something about it from bookkeeping. Three or four years in Europe, and there comes a call from the London organization for an expert. This man is now an expert who can distinguish at a glance between different grades of the raw material. He has pottered around in the fields. He knows the raw material, blends, customs laws, grades, prices, tricks of growers.

He goes to London. His salary is from twelve thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars. There is absolutely no limit to the path laid out ahead of that young man except his own ability.

Another young fellow of seventeen, living in the South, fancies that he would like law. A friend writes to some one in a trust office and vouches for the boy's spirit and honesty. The trust puts him in its legal department in New York, where three famous corporation attorneys are employed most of the time, and a staff of twenty-five clerks familiar with law, who attend to the company's legal affairs, largely through correspondence with attorneys all over the country. This youngster luckily has one of the most valuable equipments that any beginner can have nowadays in business life—a training in shorthand. He becomes in time private secretary to the head of that department, and after a few years of diligent work is made secretary of a new subsidiary corporation—such men are almost invariably picked from the law department. He goes to Cuba.

He learns revenue and selling. In time the company finds a place for him as an officer in an outside corporation to which it is extending large credits. His salary has been striding up, up, up. He now gets fifteen thousand dollars, and can become a millionaire by investing in the corporation he is building.

These are typical cases. Such men travel, are brought into contact with things that they may profitably study apart from duties, acquire knowledge, experience and facility, and work constantly toward higher salaries and more responsible places.

Another corporation takes youngsters and puts them into a small department selling goods at retail. These goods carry small profits, and high-salaried men could not handle them. Neophytes on moderate salaries learn to sell, to talk with customers.

They attend the company's monthly dinner, where the whole selling force gets together and the officers talk on methods, policies, growth, future plans. They catch the spirit of the organization, and are promoted as fast as they develop—when a new man is wanted, that is the department turned to.

Another trust has on the road several forces of such youngsters, organized in what are called "squadrons." They are clean-cut boys of public-school education. They go from town to town, hire halls, decorate them, give receptions to the women, under patronage of local social leaders, and show the company's goods. Salesmen go along and work on the grocery trade. This is the trust's forcing department for salesmen and branch managers. The demand for able young men is to-day so great that before a class graduates at the large technological schools or boys' academies, several representatives of corporations visit such institutions in search of young fellows who can be taken into the organization at moderate salaries and put in the way of climbing to responsible posts. Promotion goes by no system, but is on a human basis, and for work performed.

Once inside a corporation, there are certain drawbacks and dangers that every ambitious young fellow ought to know about. One is that of getting into trust politics, joining a party inside the organization, manœuvring for a better job instead of working for it.

Hardly any of the trusts are perfectly organized yet. When the masterful promoter comes along, merges a hundred warring plants into a big corporation, sends half the former owners to Europe, independently rich, and puts the others into the directorate or into executive positions, the process is obviously in the nature of an experiment. What has really been formed is a commercial "happy family," made up of manufacturers who have been fighting one another all their lives, and who come into the corporation with their own views and a good many adherents. Immediately little cliques form. There is intrigue for control. Then comes a battle in the directors' room, and one or two of the littlest cliques are forced out. A brief interval of what looks to be peace. Then party lines are drawn again. Then another hot directors' meeting, and more politicians on the sidewalk.

"Hadn't You Betta' Ask Muta' Roosevelt fo' Those Figures?" He Queries Dryly

This process has gone on for five years or more in some of the newer industrials. Battles have in some cases been on a Napoleonic scale, with stock-market phenomena as an accompaniment. They are bound to go on in every such organization until the last malcontent is out. Then, from somewhere 'way down near the bottom of the original organization, perhaps, appears the man who was destined from the first to manage that corporation. Had the present dominating officers in certain industrial corporations been named five years ago as the men who would eventually manage them, the prediction would have been scouted.

Trust politics hurt a young fellow—not so much as politics, however, as by taking his attention from the main business in life, which is to work, and observe, and learn, and develop ability as a salesman, manufacturing man, auditor or what-not. He can't pick the winning party usually. If he makes himself efficient it matters little which party wins. He will be needed.

The most congenial trusts, perhaps, from the standpoint of the salaried man, are those that have quickly passed through this readjustment. Some of the lesser industrials came almost immediately under the control of dictators. A great corporation is not a democracy. It is commonly good fortune to hold a responsible post under a benign corporation autocrat. Over capable men his rule is light, and he has personality that is a stimulus.

Another danger is that of becoming interested in stock speculation. This won't get a man until he has advanced to a good place and a comfortable salary. But *then* he will have to resist the blandishments of the stock ticker. If his attention is diverted by Wall Street, it will be necessary to part with him regretfully—as the trusts have parted with many promising men.

How about relatives in office? What would be the use in straining every nerve for a high executive position if the president to-morrow can give that place to his son, just out of college?

Sons and sons-in-law, brothers, brothers-in-law and cousins are somewhat freely sprinkled about the large industrial organizations. Frequently a relative occupies the high executive post that should have gone to some man of ability who is really doing the work and carrying the responsibility. But the trusts are still so young, they employ so many thousands of people, and the demand for ability is so great, that at present this question of relatives does not seem to be a serious issue. The visible supply is necessarily limited. What will come in time, as the arteries of a trust harden, and its aggressive operations simmer down into routine, and great volumes of business are held easily by monopoly and patent rights, no man may say. This time, if it ever comes at all, is at least a generation in the future. Whether industrial organizations, constantly faced by the possibility of competition, can build up a force of mediocre men as governments do, is problematical.

It is usual, in thinking of a trust, to regard it as a huge creature with unlimited money, organized to take, by fair means or foul, all the trade there is in a given industry. Men think of this volume of business, too, as something fixed—a restricted amount of trade or consumption.

But in every industrial field there is an amazing amount of annual growth in trade. There must be real men to fight for that new business every year. If the trust falls into senility, its active and esteemed contemporaries may eat it up.

Among the most capable corporation employees there is often a good deal of dissatisfaction and grumbling of a peculiar kind.

The branch manager who has doubled his sales in three or four years will probably sit down at the end of the twelvemonth and regret that all this magnificent progress goes merely to swell the dividend of stockholders. It is thoroughly human and natural that he should get to thinking of how much such increases would mean if he were in business for himself. He is disappointed, too, because his executive power is small. He longs for a business where he can have more "say so," and work along his own lines, free from the iron domination of the company's policy.

It would be difficult to say, however, just what proportion of this little annual rebellion against conditions is real discontent, and how much indigestion. He hasn't as much authority as would be the case were he the owner of an independent business. But neither has he any risk to carry. He pays no rent, no taxes, no salaries, no insurance. He takes no credit risks. His company carries even the risk of his errors in judgment, if he is a valuable man. It has an organization adequate to discount error.

Assume that this branch manager were an independent jobber instead of a "trust minion." He might have done a large business for himself. But at the end of the year part of his profit might also be locked up in stock that, through one error in buying, was unsalable. The trust isn't bothered by a little mishap like that. It jerks this doubtful stock out of the branch house, ships it away South, or to some other section where it can be sold profitably, and thus wipes the slate clean. If this is not done, then that stock will be cut up into small lots and sent to a hundred branches to be worked off easily.

The branch manager's profits all come in the shape of salary—hard cash. There are no deductions for errors. His next year's profit is fixed and certain, and probably from ten to fifty or perhaps one hundred per cent. larger than would be the maximum net profit from an independent business of his own. For it is not disputed that salaries with large corporations are to-day larger than were ever paid under old conditions. The traffic is bigger, and will bear them.

Whether for good or evil, the corporations have brought about vast changes in conditions. The man who looks for Opportunity where his father found her may find that she has shifted to new quarters. As a figure in Senator Ingalls' sonnet she seems to be merely allegorical, anyway. It is best not to wait for her tap on the door, but to go out hunting—getting a hearing with the corporations will be only incidental to the youngster who is going to make good thereafter.

If Bill Had Been in Grant's Trenches and Saw a Good Pot-Shot

Not much more than a generation ago Jay Gould began business life as a book-agent. He might have hunted long for a job as a salesman. The drummer of those days had to rise by a slow process through a wholesale organization. To-day five thousand corporations would be glad to train a young fellow like Jay Gould. The learned profession open then to all was school-teaching. It led perhaps to the ministry or medicine. To-day school-teaching is the worst-paid occupation. The pulpit does not draw enough men. Seventy-two graduates of medical colleges were recently counted among the motormen running New York surface cars, it is said—practicing with a trolley-car instead of a diploma.

Whether the world has grown any better, let moralists judge. But from the standpoint of the man who wants a salaried place, it has certainly grown so large that nowadays any capable youngster ought to find his billet.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of papers by Mr. Collins on modern business and the young man.

Lumped the Cases

MURRAY GOLLAND, a rich Jewish manufacturer in New York, is much interested in one of the homes for Hebrew children and gives to it liberally. Recently he wanted to clear up a debt of thirty-six thousand dollars that encumbered the home.

He went to several other rich Jews and asked them to help him, but he found that most of them had charities of their own in which they were vitally interested. Golland thought deeply. Then he consulted with Magistrate "Jim" Olmstead, of the Children's Court.

Olmstead fell in with Golland's scheme, which was to hold over from day to day all the cases of destitution among Jewish children that came before him until there were a lot of them. One Saturday Olmstead notified Golland that there were twenty or thirty cases of this kind waiting for disposal.

Golland telephoned to Jacob H. Schiff, the great Jewish banker and philanthropist, and asked Schiff to come up to his factory. Schiff came and Golland talked business with him for a few minutes. Then Golland said: "By the way, Mr. Schiff, my automobile is outside and I shall be glad to take you back downtown or to luncheon as you prefer."

Schiff assented. Golland explained that he had to go around by the Children's Court for a few minutes, but took it for granted that Mr. Schiff wouldn't mind. Mr. Schiff didn't mind. In fact, he said he would go into the court with Golland just to see what it looked like.

Schiff and Golland entered and Judge Olmstead started the machinery. Schiff stayed two hours and saw small Jewish boy and girl after small Jewish boy and girl brought up. Schiff was astounded at so much destitution among his own people, and before he left the courtroom Golland, by explaining the workings of his home, had his thirty-six thousand dollars, and several thousand more.

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THE ADJUTANT

WRITE FOR THE HATMAN

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YOUR SAVINGS

The A B C of Investment

"HOW shall I invest my savings?" is the question that people are asking all over the United States. Savings-bank deposits are larger than ever before (one out of every eight persons is a depositor), wages are high, and the general prosperity is unprecedented. But having money in a bank, or in a little iron box at home, or in a stocking, or in any other place where it remains actual money, does not give the owner the largest possible return, and it is this kind of return that most people want. To make money, which is the almost universal desire, you must make your money work. It is like owning a piece of ground. It will not actually earn anything for its owner unless he plants something in it and thus makes it yield, or builds something on it. So with money.

The average interest paid by banks is never more than three and a half per cent. But people are asking: "If banks, savings-banks and trust companies can invest money and get from four to six per cent., why can't I do my own investing and increase my income?" This is a very natural question. But first of all the investor ought to know the exact difference between investment and speculation.

Speculation means buying anything on which you take a chance. If it is a share of stock, perhaps the most common form (and a share of stock is simply an interest in a business, depending for its value on the success of that business), the buyer expects the principal (the amount of the stock) to increase in value. In other words, he sacrifices a guarantee of income to a prospect of making money.

Investment, on the other hand, means buying anything, a bond, for example, without regard to the increase of the value of the principal, but to get a steady and assured income.

Here is a case in point: A woman in Nebraska wrote to the editor of a leading Wall Street journal, asking what to do with five thousand dollars, the amount of her late husband's insurance policy. She was advised to buy bonds which paid four and a half per cent., or two hundred and twenty-five dollars a year. She wrote back saying: "I can't live on this income. I have been advised to buy Texas oil stocks that promise to pay from twelve to twenty-five per cent." The bonds would have given her a small but steady income; the stocks simply promised to yield her something, with absolutely no guarantee.

The "get-rich-quick" fever is spreading. Lurid advertisements of stock appear in the newspapers making extravagant promises of "big and quick" returns for small sums of money. They are daily tempting people to lose their savings. The rich man or the man in business has his broker or banker to advise him in his investments. The average man or woman with savings usually has not. They are at the mercy often of unscrupulous people.

It is with the problem of the average man or woman with savings or other funds to invest that THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will now concern itself, and will publish each week a department which will endeavor to set forth, simply and concretely, the safest way to invest money to get the best possible return. This information will be gathered from the most reliable sources (for investment facilities were never so well organized as now), and will aim to reach every class of conservative investment.

The Forms of Investment

All investment begins with the savings-bank. The first step toward accumulating money is to save a little, and the best way to save a little is to put a little into a savings-bank. This is the simplest form of investment and the safest, because in every State there are laws which limit savings-banks investments to certain reliable securities. In this way, safeguards are thrown about the people's money. These laws are not always the same. Some States are more strict than others. In New York, for example, the laws are more stringent than in any other State. The farther West you go, as a rule, the less strict become the savings-bank laws.

The savings-banks have numerous rivals for the people's savings. Scattered through the United States there are many kinds of coöperative and mutual benefit associations, industrial insurance companies and trust companies. Many trust companies make a specialty of savings deposits and trust funds, like orphans' money, and in many States their investment of such funds are regulated by law. But with no class of savings institution is the law as strict as with savings-banks.

The first problem is to know when to withdraw your money from a bank and put it into a proposition that is just as safe and which will yield you more income. It is at this point that most people fail. They have friends who want to borrow, or who are interested in or know of "sure things" that will make a lot of money.

The Meaning of Bonds

Bonds are the cornerstone of conservative investment, and there will be occasion to say a great deal about them from time to time in this department. Now what is a bond? A bond is a receipt for money borrowed by a government, state, city or corporation. This receipt, which is in the form of a promise to pay, is engraved on paper and called a bond. The government, state, city or corporation pays interest on the money borrowed until it is due. Then it pays the principal, or issues a bond to take its place.

There are many kinds of bonds. The principal classes which interest the average investor are these:

Government bonds, which are issued by national governments.

Municipal bonds, which are issued by states, cities, villages, counties and school districts

Railroad bonds, which are issued by railroads.

Public service corporation bonds, which are issued by corporations that serve cities: as, for example, gas or electric light companies or street railways.

Industrial bonds, which are issued by companies engaged in any kind of business.

These bonds are always issued for a specific purpose and to do a certain work. In the case of a government it may be to build ships or dig a canal; in the case of a state, the funds may be wanted for good roads or a new university building; a city or village may issue bonds for paving streets or other improvements; a county may desire to build roads or erect a new jail or court-house; railroads are continually needing money to improve their roadbed, build bridges or extend their systems, and industrial companies may want to build new power-houses or factories. It will be seen that the bonds are issued to do something with the proceeds thus obtained.

Different Kinds of Bonds

There is usually but one kind of government and state bond, and the security is the good name of the government or state issuing it. No one will question Uncle Sam, for example, or doubt the integrity of the State of Massachusetts. These bonds are merely promises to pay. The remaining three kinds—railroad, public service corporation and industrial bonds—are mortgages on something, and comprise the different classes which are usually so confusing to people who have had nothing to do with them. They are as follows:

Since the bond is a mortgage on property, the highest class bond (and consequently the most valuable) is a first mortgage bond. It is just what the name says, and is a first claim on the property, whether it be a railroad, gas plant, street-car line or factory. If you own one of these bonds and the corporation issuing it fails to pay the interest after a given period, usually six months, you have the right, with the other owners of the same kind of bond in this corporation, to have the property sold at auction and take your share out of the proceeds before any other creditor. The security depends on whether the property is bonded for more than it is worth.

A second mortgage bond gives the owner second claim on the property. This kind of bond is, of course, not as valuable as a first mortgage.

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Made of pure "Comfy Felt," soft leather soles with one inch of carded wool between felt inner sole and felt and leather outer soles, making a perfect cushion tread. Ideal for the bed-room.

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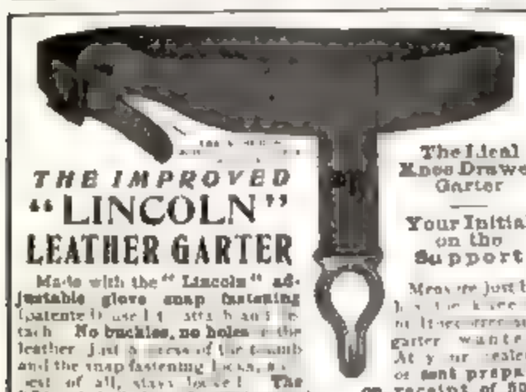

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"LINCOLN" LEATHER GARTER

Made with the "Lincoln" adjustable glove snap fastening (patents pending) attached to each. **No buckles, no holes** in the leather. Just 3 pieces of the thumb and the snap fastening locks, the rest of all, stays locked. The "Lincoln's" the only garter made with the "Lincoln" adjustable glove snap fastener and is controlled exclusively by us. It is the garter you were last summer, only it's been improved by doing away with the **undesirable buckle feature**

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Your Initial on the Support

Measure just below the knee and send us the exact garter wanted. At your dealer's or sent prepaid on receipt of 50c

"Lincoln" Garters—they're the best.

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Makers of Lincoln Lisle Silk Suspenders

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GOING WEST? Reduced rates, through cars by household goods.

To and from Colorado, Utah and Pacific Coast points.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT CO

Room 607, 915 Dearborn Street, Chicago

A general mortgage bond is a mortgage on all the property of the corporation issuing the bond. In the case of a street railway company it would cover the cars, tracks, buildings and plant generally. With a steam railroad it would be on tracks, roundhouses, office buildings and real estate. The value of this bond depends on how many first and second mortgages were already on the property, because these mortgages would have a claim over the owners of general mortgage bonds.

A consolidated mortgage bond is a mortgage on a group of properties, as, for example, when the gas and electric lighting companies in a city are consolidated into one company, or two smaller railroads combine and are called a system. The consolidated mortgage, therefore, is on the company thus formed. The first mortgage bonds of any of these single companies, issued before they were consolidated, have first claim over the consolidated mortgage.

A collateral trust bond is secured by the deposit with some trustee of stocks and bonds owned by the corporation issuing the trust bonds. If it came to a point where the collateral trust bondholders wanted to get their money back, in the event of the corporation's failure to pay interest, it could sell the stocks and bonds offered as security.

Refunding bonds are issued to take up bonds that have run out. It frequently happens that when bonds mature the railroad or corporation that issued them faces the problem of reborrowing the money, unless, as in some cases, the railroad or corporation has been setting aside money, which is called a sinking fund, to pay off the bonds. Many bonds have a clause, called a "sinking fund" clause, which compels the corporation to do this. What is generally done, however, when bonds come due is to issue a refunding bond, which is sold and the proceeds used to pay off the old debt, or these new bonds are exchanged for the old ones.

Equipment bonds are just what the name implies, and are claims on equipment. In the case of a railroad they are mortgages on engines and cars.

A debenture bond is simply a promise to pay the holder a certain sum of money, and, like a government bond, has only as security the good name, or, in the case of a corporation, the record and earning power. This is not as desirable as a bond with more concrete security.

Values of Bonds

The average bond is for one thousand dollars. Some are for five hundred dollars and a few for one hundred dollars. Bonds run generally from ten to one hundred years. Some are for longer periods. The longer a bond runs the more desirable it usually is for the investor who is able and willing to keep his money so invested, because it keeps on paying interest regularly and the owner does not have to bother about a new investment.

Bonds pay interest ranging from two per cent (the rate now on government bonds) to seven per cent. The average now is from four to five per cent. This means that a five per cent. one-thousand-dollar bond pays the owner fifty dollars every year, and a six per cent. one-thousand-dollar bond pays sixty dollars a year. Interest is usually paid twice a year. This interest is paid in the form of coupons that are attached to the bond. If the bond runs for fifty years there are one hundred coupons. You have only to cut these off one by one as they come due semi-annually, send or take them to the office of the company or its bankers and receive the interest in cash. You can even deposit most coupons in your own bank as cash; for the bank, in turn, will collect the money. Many bonds are "gold" bonds, which means that the principal and interest are paid in gold.

The value of a bond depends on four things: what security is offered, how much it yields, the length of time it runs, and how easily it may be sold if the owner wanted to sell on short notice. The price is quoted in per cent. of its face value (the amount of the bond). If a thousand-dollar bond is quoted at ninety-two, it costs nine hundred and twenty dollars. This is under par, for par is the face value. If, on the other hand, it is quoted at one hundred and ten, it is above par, "at a premium," as the term goes, and costs you eleven hundred dollars. These quotations are fixed by the general value of the bond and the demand for them. The greater the demand, the better the price. Many very safe investment bonds never appear in newspaper reports of Stock Exchange transactions, for the reason that municipal bonds, for example, are never listed on the exchanges.

Why pay eleven hundred dollars for a thousand-dollar bond, you ask? Here is the explanation. If a railroad company issued some bonds twenty years ago when its credit was not of the best, it naturally had to pay a high interest, say seven per cent., for the money it borrowed. If these bonds remained outstanding they would still pay seven per cent., for the interest on a bond never changes. This bond, therefore, would be worth more than one that paid five per cent. Hence the premium. But if this same company had prospered it could borrow money now at a lower rate of interest and issue bonds, say, at five per cent., which probably would not bring as large a premium, if any. For the conservative investor these new bonds at five per cent., but running a longer time, would be the better investment. Why? Because when you pay a high premium on a bond, this high buying price reduces the actual return of interest and thereby cuts down the actual return, in the end, on the investment.

It used to be the fashion to buy government bonds because the country was less prosperous and investment opportunities were not as many as now. Of course, no bonds are so secure, but they only pay two per cent., and no investor would think of buying them when many other safe investments are to be had that yield more. Government bonds are bought by national banks mainly, who are required by law to own them in order to put out currency (bills).

In buying bonds it is necessary for the buyer to know, in the case of a street railway company, how long it has been doing business, the character and record of its officers, what its earnings have been both in prosperous years and in lean, what its franchises are, what the chances for municipal ownership are, the competition it has, its indebtedness—in essence, all the facts about its condition. So with all others.

Facts about railroads are accessible because you see their annual reports, and their complete records to date, including indebtedness and earnings, are to be found in manuals. The same is true of some corporations. But with many the information must be sought out. To meet this condition the great bond houses of New York and elsewhere, who make a feature of selling investment bonds, make elaborate and accurate investigations of properties before they buy the bonds issued by them. They send, for example, engineers to look over tracks and bridges, and lawyers to investigate titles and franchises. If the house is convinced that the property is good it buys a whole bond issue. This is called "underwriting." The bond house, in turn, sells the bonds to investors. It then becomes a matter of making the proper choice of bonds and trusting to the character and integrity of those with whom you deal.

While bonds comprise the great bulk of opportunity for safe investment, they do not constitute all of it. Real-estate mortgages, for instance, yield five per cent. on the average. But you must know as much about the property that is mortgaged as about a company that issues a bond. There are companies all over the United States that guarantee mortgages and sell them for investment like the bond houses sell bonds. The principal difference between a bond and a mortgage for investment is that a mortgage does not run for more than five years and a bond for a much longer period. A mortgage is usually accompanied by a title insurance policy, guaranteeing the title against claim by another person, and, where a building is included, by a fire insurance policy for the amount of the mortgage. These the mortgagee holds and can collect on if he suffers a loss, either through the claim of another person or by destruction of the property by fire. A mortgage is most desirable when it is for not more than two-thirds of the value of the property—that is, a property worth six thousand dollars should not be mortgaged for more than four thousand dollars. Buying real estate, unless it is for a site for your home or a building, is speculation, because you expect it to increase in value and you get no income from it.

All stock is not speculation. There are some old and reliable industrial companies who guarantee dividends on their stock. It is of this whole field that this department will take advantage.

Shorthand Writing
and
What Is In It.

FIFTY Thousand Dollars earned in three months writing shorthand! Such was the record of Hanna & Budlong, of which firm Frank R. Hanna was the senior member, in reporting the investigation of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission.

Frank R. Hanna
An Official Reporter of Coal Investigation.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars a year writing shorthand. That is the amount the shorthand reporting firm of Walton, James & Ford, of Chicago, is credited with earning in an article written by William E. Curtis in the *Chicago Record Herald*.

And throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico the court reporters earn from $2,500 to $6,000 a year because of their knowledge of expert shorthand.

Hon. W. J. Bryan on Shorthand

FEBRUARY 19, 1907, Hon. William J. Bryan, in addressing young stenographers in Chicago, had this to say relative to the work of Robert F. Rose, who reported Mr. Bryan's speeches during the campaigns of 1896 and 1900:

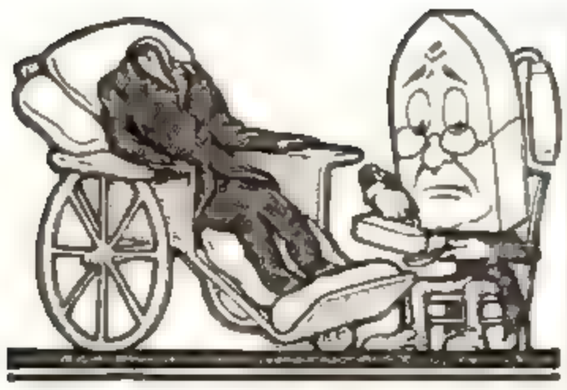
"Mr. Rose has been with me reporting my speeches during two campaigns, and I have found him the most efficient stenographer I ever came in contact with during my political career. I congratulate you in being in a school where stands as one of its heads one in whom I have so much confidence."

September 15, 1903, the firm of Walton, James & Ford, of Chicago, inaugurated the Success Shorthand School, conducted by expert court reporters, who teach those who desire to use shorthand or court reporting work or in the business world the same expert shorthand they use in their work. Resident schools are now in operation in New York and Chicago, the former being conducted by Frank R. Hanna, the senior member of the firm which reported the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission investigation. Another instructor is Robert F. Rose, to whom Mr. Bryan paid such a glowing compliment. W. L. James devotes his entire time to the school. The school teaches by correspondence, and throughout the United States and Canada hundreds of successful stenographers, private secretaries and court reporters owe their ability to the home study course of this school.

During the month of February, 1907, the record made by graduates of this school was worthy of note. Clyde H. Marshall worked on the reporting of the first state supervised election of the New York Life Insurance Company. S. S. Wright, of Corydon, Ia., was appointed official court reporter in that district. W. A. Evers was appointed official court reporter at LaCrosse, Wis. Alvin H. Gray was appointed official reporter at Blakely, Ga. William A. Murfey—a year ago a $75 a month stenographer—quit a position paying more than double that amount (secured since his graduation from this school) and is now at the head of the court reporting firm of Murfey & Rush, Norfolk, Va. A young lady was placed in a position with prominent law firm in Chicago at $25 a week. A young man who, because of his ability as stenographer for head of a large foundry, was made superintendent of Boston branch at $6,000 a year. One who eight months ago was sergeant in regular army, was appointed private secretary to president of large Boston concern with a salary of $1,800 to start. These in February.

Write to either the New York or Chicago school—the one nearer to you—for full particulars of what this school can do for you, asking for copy of guaranty given each accepted pupil. If a stenographer, state system and experience. Address Success Shorthand School, Suite 213, 79 Clark Street, Chicago, or Success Shorthand School, Suite 213, 1416 Broadway, New York City.

NOTE THE SHORTHAND WRITER is the name of the most up-to-date, inspiring, interesting and instructive shorthand periodical ever published. Edited by court reporters. Price $1 a year. Send 25 cents for special three months' test subscription, addressing The Shorthand Writer, 79 Clark Street, Chicago.



The Sick Suit

A Monologue

DEAR me, but I'm a Sick Suit!
I'm suffering from the worst Disease that Can affect a Suit—Improper Making.

My Collar is "Relaxed"—it Sags away back and will surely expose my wearer's vest when he puts me on.

—My Lapels have the Bulge—My Shoulders the Droops—My Sleeves the Twists—and I'm a regular Show!

I tell you that Improper Making is Bad Business.

I'm in the Condition *solely* because I wasn't Cut from the Cloth as I should have been and because I was put together so hurriedly and by such inexperienced Operatives that I'm a Sick Suit—

And instead of going to the Operating Table and being entirely remade—a process that, while somewhat expensive, might make me a much less Sick Suit—I'm being "doped" by that old fakir, Dr. Goose—the hot Flat Iron instead.

I know well what that Old Rascal will do—he'll press me here—shrink me there and stretch me Some place else and I'll merely *look* like a Well Suit for a week or so.

—To get Sick again the very first Moist or Hot day that Comes along.

For I tell you Dr. Goose Can't remove the actual defects in workmanship I have in me merely with that Old Flat Iron of his—

His "Dope" soon fades away.

Oh, if I had only been properly cut and made up.

If I had only been made a "Well Suit"

Some Suits are you know—Some Suits have no defects in workmanship whatever—

Name them?

Sincerity Suits!

Let me tell you a Trade Secret.

Sincerity Suits have better Care in their tailoring than even some of the Highest Grade Custom Tailoring—

Take the Cutters and designers of "Sincerity" Suits—they're the most expert in the Country.

They Cut "Sincerity" Suits *properly*—hardly any other Suits are Cut anything like as well.

And then the tailors who put "Sincerity" Suits together—they're Needlework Specialists—who understand how easily a Suit can be made or marred in the making.

These expert needleworkers sew "shape" into each "Sincerity" Suit.

Then, after all this Care, "Sincerity" Suits are rigidly and Carefully inspected and if a slight Attention is required—sometimes it is—the Suit is taken apart at the defect and *remade* by expert needleworkers in the Busheling department—

Each "Sincerity" Suit is therefore a "Well Suit" with a *permanent* Shape and Style.

No need for Old Dr. Goose's "dope"—that old tailoring Quack hasn't a look-in—

And, although they cost more to make, yet they do not Cost the Wearer a Single Cent more than the "Sickest" Suit made.

All better-class, ready to use Clothes dealers Carry "Sincerity" Suits—go in some time and look them over—even if you don't buy—the label below in a Coat guarantees Style, Service and Satisfaction:

IN THE OPEN

Fighting for the Forest—The Dollar Mark on the Skaters—Fine Feathers Fatal to Birds

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT did the agricultural interests of America another inestimable service when, at the eleventh hour of the last Congress, his *coup d'etat*, creating 17,000,000 acres of new forest reserve, routed the lumber interests, which, openly represented by several leading Western Senators, had dominated the Fifty-ninth Congress from the first to the last in every attempt to further forestry preservation. It was a glorious ending to a session which looked all through most unpromising for the forest interests.

It will be recalled that a bill was passed through this Congress which deprives the President of the forest reservation-making power, and puts the matter entirely in control of Congress. While this bill awaited his signature to become law, the President set apart an area, five times that of Connecticut, of land which had been gone over very carefully with the Chief Forester. Then he signed the bill.

President Roosevelt has been one of the most valiant and intelligent fighters for forest reservation that the White House has ever held, and has succeeded during his administration in securing a number of most important concessions, despite the continued efforts of the lumber interests to influence adverse Congressional action. Nothing more clearly demonstrates the President's real devotion to public welfare than this unflinching and unrelaxing struggle for the forests. It is enlightened statesmanship. He has blocked the plans of individuals and companies of individuals who sought to destroy public property that they might float their own little money-making schemes. The people are only half educated now as to the great value of the forest reservation movement, but their children will rise up and call Theodore Roosevelt blessed for his great and intelligent activity along these lines.

There is a deal of talk made through the newspapers and in public places by the paid agents of the mendacious lumber interests concerning the sentimental side of forestry reservation as opposed to the idea of government timber being a business proposition—which is not smart talk and, moreover, lets loose a boomerang with a quick and forceful rebound; for the fact is that, if ever there was good business sense in any national movement, it certainly is in every effort made for the preservation of the forest. And the country voters know it. Saving the forests is like laying up money at compound interest.

Even if they do not know as much about the forestry question as they ought to, the people believe in President Roosevelt's devotion to their interests, and they stand behind him in this last reserve snatched from the dying Fifty-ninth Congress.

The Ban of the Dollar

The disgraceful tangle into which competitive amateur skating is plunged indicates the unwisdom of many separate organizations governing as many different sports. One general body, like the Amateur Athletic Union, with affiliations and boards, is simpler, better equipped and stronger. So long as the small independent bodies may secure the right kind of officials little harm results, but that kind is not found in large numbers—and the supply appears to be especially limited around our metropolitan districts.

Amateur skating has been governed in the United States by the National Association; in Canada two organizations have attempted its control. As time passed, the uppermost element in the body in this country and in one of the bodies in Canada became the professional or rink element, whose interest centres in the gate receipts. In other words, skating has come under the control of professional promoters who, year by year, have grown more daring in the introduction and support of novelty amateurs, until this year acknowledged professionals were openly scheduled for contest with amateurs in open defiance of all time-honored canons. This jolted into life some of the better spirit of the National Association and resulted in a conflict between the rink and the amateur elements. So far as votes were concerned, however, the professional element won out and held its joint races for amateurs and professionals.

Fortunately for all interested in this popular sport, and for the inviolate preservation of its records, the Amateur Athletic Union has acted vigorously by disqualifying all the men that competed in races with professionals, and has rallied the smoldering amateur spirit which yet flickered among a few members of the old association. In the mean time the National Skating Association espouses the professional end of the dispute, and has openly defied the A. A. U. Meanwhile, also, an International Association has been organized in Canada by the promoter-rink element for the purpose of giving races for professionals and amateurs.

The trouble started in Canada, where the so-called Amateur Skating Association wished to open races to professionals. This drew the condemnation of the Canadian A. A. U., and, as entries had been made to the A. S. A. meet by the National Skating Association, the question widened to one of amateur principle and brought in the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States. The United States A. A. U. has had to bear the full brunt of the fight, because the Canadian A. A. U. is rather a weak brother, and Canadian ice sports are saturated with professionalism.

But the trouble has not been without good results. As is usually the case after a fight of long brewing, the air is immeasurably cleared. The Amateur Athletic Union, which is a powerful and respected body, with a strong, active president at the helm, has taken full charge and placed the professional element just where it belongs and where the public may know where it belongs. It has been a little confusing for the smaller clubs and meetings, and rinks honestly organized on amateur lines throughout the country, but the end is worth while.

The Cure is at Hand

Meantime, bear in mind, all you young men who have any thought of entering skating races, in rinks or out of them, that all who race in unscheduled or outlawed events become ostracized. If you have any doubt about the events in your locality, write to the secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, in New York, before you run the risk of losing your good name.

Although I have written a good bit here about the racing side of this trouble, that, of course, is of the smaller importance, and has only been discussed at length because it involved control of one of the most popular outdoor sports of young America, and, however the contest resulted, meant corresponding influence on the character of the game itself.

If only the women of this country would crusade against the use of bird plumage for millinery as widely and as energetically as some of them unwisely harassed the late lamented canteen, the Audubon Society would have a most gratifying report at its next annual meeting. Satisfactory progress in this cause seems to be almost impossible.

All kinds of methods have been employed with a view to lessening the use of bird plumage. Women have been exhorted and circularized, agents patrol the open fields and maintain surveillance over milliners—but with all this and more uninterrupted endeavor, bird destruction does not lessen sufficiently to place it at the safety notch.

The Audubon Society for several years endeavored to limit the millinery use of feathers to the plumage of game birds killed for food; but this brought great destruction upon certain kinds of game birds and worked no correspondingly beneficial result for the plumaged birds. Thousands of shore birds alone were killed solely for their plumage.

Then, on the other hand, it has been found impossible to carry such a scheme out intelligently and with effect, because once the feathers are in the hands of milliners the average layman, whether purchaser or inspector, is simply nonplused by the skillful doctoring they may

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Celery, watermelons, muskmelons and any vegetable or fruit will not taint milk or water and the ice will last longer in the Bohn Refrigerator.

Meats will keep fresh and sweet after a day or more in the Bohn food compartment—the *supreme test* of refrigeration.

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The Bohn Syphon Refrigerator is the only refrigerator with the case of ice entirely outside the food compartment.

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Order by mail where we have no dealer Where we have no dealer, order by mail, and we will send the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator with return privilege. We pay the freight and guarantee safe delivery.

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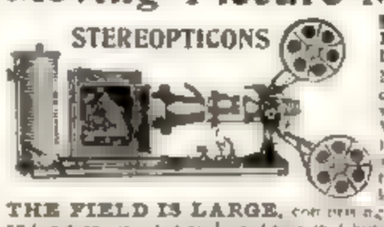

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have received for the market. Only an expert could certainly identify them.

It has been pretty well demonstrated that half-way measures are not successful, and therefore all through the country those interested in saving the remainder from extinction are discussing legislation which will entirely prohibit the use of bird plumage of any description for millinery purpose. This seems to be the only means left to prevent the actual extermination of rare species of American birds.

We see fewer American plumaged birds offered on the hats at the milliners' shops nowadays than formerly, and rarely any species of the American song-bird. Much of that is because of the Audubon Society's splendid work, and much of it, too, is because of the unhappy fact that these birds already have been so cleaned out of the country that they are too rare and too expensive for the market.

That will be the case soon with the small white heron, which supplies the delicate white-feathered aigrette which is such a favorite plume with women. These birds are hunted to their death with deadly skill wherever they appear. The slaughter extends from our Florida waters across into South America. Not more than five years marked my first and my last trips on the Orinoco River, and yet the decrease I observed in the colonies of these birds in a certain locality where they nest was startling.

To organize local clubs agreeing, first, not to wear the aigrette; and, second, not to wear any kind of feathers in the trimming of their hats, would be an object worthy of every woman's thought and activity. If women will do this, prohibitive legislation will not be necessary. Also, if she will do it, it will be some indication of her worthiness for that state of suffrage about which we are hearing so much these days. Besides, it really seems to be up to woman to lend active and serious help, considering that the slaughter of birds for plumage which has swept the world has been almost solely for the purpose of gratifying her vanity.

Meantime, while you women are thinking this over, write Mr. Dutcher, of the Audubon Society, New York, and ask him to send you some of his leaflets for your children. These leaflets are issued with color plates and with also an outline plate which the children can color in crayon from observation or from the teacher's instruction. The color plate is to strengthen the impression in a child's mind so that an acquaintance with the exact type will insure the children recognizing the various species of birds on sight. The reason of issuing these leaflets is to educate the juvenile mind and to enlist the sympathy of the child in bird life at its most susceptible period, and that it may learn something of the life history of American birds before it has an opportunity of developing any harmful tendency

We need to begin in plenty of season on the next generation, so that they will not turn deaf ears to appeals to save bird life, as do the majority of this present generation.

—"FAIR PLAY"

In Executive Session

Pants, Breeches and Revenues

FORMER Representative Gibson, of Tennessee, had a voice when he was a statesman that played tricks with him. It would work all right for a few minutes, and then it would stop entirely, and Gibson would be left gasping for a moment or two, high and dry in the middle of his argument, until his voice came back again.

He was making a tariff speech one day, sailing along in fine shape. "Why, Mr. Speaker," he shouted, "the Tariff is like a pair of suspenders. Uncle Sam needs it to keep up his ——"

Right there his voice broke. Gibson couldn't say a word.

"Trousers!" yelled one member.

"Pants!"

"Breeches!"

By that time the voice came back—"to keep up his revenues," said Gibson, glaring around at his tormentors.

Forgive and Ye Shall be Forgiven

WHEN the late Senator Alger, of Michigan, was Secretary of War he became much incensed over a Thanksgiving Proclamation put out by Governor Brady, of Alaska, for Thanksgiving, 1898.

Brady said in his proclamation that his people should give thanks because the United States whipped Spain. He allowed that it was pure luck, for the army was in poor condition, and after the volunteers were put in the field they were shamefully handled and many of them killed by lack of proper knowledge on the part of their officers. It was a direct slap at Alger.

"Mr. President," said Alger at a Cabinet meeting, "I want you to discharge this man Brady."

"Why?" asked President McKinley.

"Because he has attacked me in an official proclamation and I demand his discharge."

"Don't you realize, Alger," said the President, "that in attacking you he has also attacked me, and do you know what I'd do if I were in your place?"

"No," said Alger; "what would you do?"

"I'd forgive him."

Pugh's Forgotten Passports

FORMER Senator James L. Pugh, of Alabama, lives in Washington and likes to go up to the Capitol and visit the scenes of his former greatness. He is a very old man now, but his deep, rumbling bass voice is still as strong and hearty as when he was in active life.

His position as former Senator entitles him to the privileges of the floor of the Senate. He frequently goes in and sits on one of the big leather seats in the rear and listens to the debates. A few days ago he toddled over to the House side of the Capitol and demanded admittance to the floor of the House.

"You cannot go in here, sir," the doorkeeper told him.

"But I am Senator Pugh, of Alabama," roared Pugh. "I was in the Senate for eighteen years."

"I know that, sir," said the doorkeeper; "but a former Senator is not entitled to the privileges of the floor of the House."

"All right," boomed Pugh; "all right. I'll go over to my own side, but I wanted to go in here for a few minutes."

"Sorry, Senator Pugh, but the rules prevent."

Pugh walked away. He reached the rotunda and stopped. Then he began to laugh like a wild man. He went back to the doorkeeper, still guffawing. "See here," he said, "I guess I can go in there, after all. I clean forgot that I served a term in the House in the fifties. Hadn't thought of it for twenty years. Ex-members can go in, I take it. Please get out of my way."

And the doorkeeper stood aside.

Demonstrating the Taft System

SENATOR KITTREDGE, of South Dakota, wanted some technical information from the War Department and asked Secretary Taft for it.

He waited for a week and nothing came. Then, one morning, he dropped in to see Mr. Taft and remind him of it.

"Why," exclaimed Taft in great surprise, "haven't you had that yet?"

"No."

Taft punched a button and his personal messenger, a negro who has been on the door of the Secretary of War for years, came in.

"Did you see that pile of books I had here on the corner of my desk?" asked the Secretary very sternly.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you wrap them up and address them to Senator Kittredge, as I told you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And mail them?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may go," said the Secretary, and then, turning to the Senator: "Now, Senator, you see you will get the books all right, don't you?"

"Certainly," replied Kittredge.

"Well, you won't," said Taft, "for I clean forgot about them. I never had any books on my desk for you, and the messenger never got them and mailed them to you. I only wanted you to see my system for protecting statesmen."

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PLAYER FOLK

Clara Bloodgood
In Clyde Fitch's Comedy, The Truth

Tears, Busy Tears

JOSEPH JEFFERSON relates in his Autobiography that he never appeared in a new theatre without first testing its acoustics carefully, to find out precisely what effort was necessary to make his voice carry throughout the auditorium. If Clara Bloodgood had exercised a like precaution she would not have had the following story to tell.

Clyde Fitch's comedy, The Truth, in which she took the part of the mendacious heroine, was moved from the Criterion Theatre to the New Lyceum, and in the emotional third act she forgot to take a handkerchief with her on the stage. Presently she began to cry real tears, which, in the manner of real tears, trickled down inside her nose and considerably embarrassed her utterance. "Oh, dear," she said with a sniffle, "I do wish I hadn't forgotten my hanky!"

In the Criterion the words would have been quite inaudible except by those on the stage, but the acoustics of the Lyceum are extraordinarily good. Without delay, a pretty little matinée girl in the front row tossed a tiny handkerchief over the footlights. Mrs. Bloodgood waited for a convenient pause in the dialogue, and, picking it up, pressed it to her face, to her infinite relief and a considerable advantage in the delivery of her lines.

At the end of the act she was called before the curtain, and bowed her thanks to the matinée girl, who seemed as delighted at the hairbreadth escape as the actress was. Mrs. Bloodgood still has the handkerchief. If an artist wants to make one weep, as Horace remarked, it's up to him to cry first. Also, though Horace neglected to mention this, it is a good thing to provide himself with a handkerchief.

The Conversion of Lily Langtry

THE English papers lately published accounts of a meeting between Lily Langtry and Father Vaughan, the priest who has made himself prominent by preaching bitterly against bridge and the other deadly sins of the aristocracy. The two most significant features of the occasion, however, have hitherto escaped publicity. One is that the meeting, which took place in the palm garden of a hotel in a fashionable English watering-place, and had the appearance of being a matter of chance, was, in point of fact, carefully planned by a woman engaged in the manufacture and sale of news. The other is that, at the end of the meeting, the Jersey Lily presented the austere prelate with an autographed photograph of herself.

An Emendation to Hamlet

IF RICHARD BURBAGE had known a certain modern New Yorker, Hamlet would have been in some respects a different play. For in 1603, it is now generally believed, Burbage had taken on weight; hence Hamlet's soliloquy, "O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" and also the Queen's remark about him in the fencing scene, "He's fat and scant of breath." In Germany, Hamlet always wore a waist-pad—if it so happened that he needed it—until Edwin Booth appeared there and created a new precedent.

The New Yorker is an ex-middleweight champion of the mitts who has established an institution within reach of both Broadway and Fifth Avenue, in which underworked player folk are reduced and overworked society folk built up.

He is a genius in his way. One of his inventions is a machine for reducing the waist-line. The old method was to sit on the floor and draw the pulley-weights over the head until the body was stretched out flat, and then resume the upright sitting posture. But the very people who most needed this exercise found greatest difficulty in lifting their bodies back to the upright; and the pugilist rigged an electric motor in connection with the pulley which, when the weights touched the top of the slide, gave the subject's too, too solid flesh a powerful tug on the recovery. By thus easing the exercise, a maximum of fat is removed with a minimum of both exhaustion and unwelcome muscle building. The pugilist is soon to establish a huge institution for all health-giving pursuits, from Turkish baths, billiards and bowling to tennis, squash and boxing, and he is very much worried in finding a name inclusive enough to cover it. A friend suggested "Gumnasion" and "Pan-Athleticon," but he was not satisfied.

"It'll take time," he said; "but in the end I'll find it, just as I did with this invention of mine."

"What do you call that?"

"I call it the Abdominator."

Good Plays and the People

BROADWAY is as unskilled as Wall Street is expert in "getting the public into the game." It has been estimated that not more than one-fourth of our population has the taste for playgoing. One reason is that the profit which the non-theatre-going public looks for is intellectual and artistic, whereas it is the adage of the managers that not only Shakespeare, but everything else of high quality, spells ruin. The people have, however, taken matters into their own hands.

One of the many enterprises of the People's Institute, in New York, is to have a committee of experts go to all new plays and report upon their quality as intelligent entertainment. When a play is approved, the Institute arranges with the manager to supply folks of moderate means with tickets for the less popular performances at reduced rates.

Thus members of the Institute and pupils and teachers in the public schools are enabled to secure seats for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and the midweek matinée for half price. Even the rate of two dollars for a seat on the floor is cut in half.

The gain on both sides is striking. In the theatre more than anywhere else it is true that nothing succeeds like success—or even the appearance of success. When a new play is fighting on the verge of failure it is the custom to give away tickets—to "paper the house," as it is called—for the sake of keeping up appearances and getting folks to talk. The new method secures the managers a large and paying public for seats that would otherwise remain empty.

One manager recently confessed that a play of his, which, in the long run, proved one of the big successes of the season, would have had to be taken off except for the receipts from the People's Institute. The approval of the Institute is so valuable, in fact, that managers are beginning to court it, and, if it is secured, to advertise it when the play goes on tour through the country. And when a play fails to be approved it is equivalent to being condemned on artistic grounds, and condemned very effectually.

On the other hand, the movement is strongly tending to enlarge the public which is profiting by the greatest and most powerful of all the arts.

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LITERARY FOLK

THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

The Jepsons in Their "Loose-Fitting Skins"

One-Piece Clothes for Men

THE dress-reformers have always been with us, ever since the Greeks protested against the adoption of Persian garments in preference to the native tunic. The dress-reformers of to-day are too much enthusiastic dreamers who fail to take into account in their reforms the essential requirements of the modern man. Always they propose to plaster him with the picturesque, which his ancestors long ago so sensibly discarded—to envelop him in graceful folds of voluminous drapery or make him radiant in plum-colored velvet.

Now, in an age when a man had the leisure to dispose gracefully around him fourteen yards of purple-hemmed toga, in a climate propitious to cold linen, this was all very pretty. But the modern man of muddy towns has little use for the picturesque in dress. The modern man is above all things a worker; and if his dress needs reforming it needs to be made more of a working-dress.

Few will deny that it will not bear reforming, for it is not only ugly, but inconvenient. It has evolved from the dress of our more leisured ancestors, and it is still loaded up with the rudimentary tags of their picturesqueness, which make it a hampering thing of loose ends. The tails of the frock coat, beloved of politicians, and in England the recognized uniform of the business man, are in exactly the same evolutional position as its wearer's vermiform appendix, and just as useful to him. They flop when he walks and crumple when he sits down. The short jacket is not so bad, but it, too, is a thing of loose ends.

Again, there is the waste of time in getting into, in bracing or buttoning on three garments when one will serve their purpose. Why add to the misery of buttons by having more than need be? Buttons, if only for their habit of wearing through the thread which holds them on and retiring grimly into the *Ewigkeit*, are enemies of the human race. Yet we go on encouraging them in their exasperating depravity by employing them lavishly; the modern man should thin them out. Suspenders, too, are not a dream of joy.

The foolishness of modern dress, with its redundancy of time-wasting garments, its multiplicity of buttons and its aggravation of suspenders, had long given me to despair of the human intelligence, before it occurred to me to come to its rescue and find a working-dress for the modern worker.

Then I saw that it was possible to strip our dress of its redundancy, banish suspenders, and baffle the button by the simple device of combining coat and trousers into one garment. I had them combined, and now I save time and temper; buttons and suspenders harry me no more. After many years I am comfortable and serene. I can look upon a button without a quail.

At last I am at ease as I work; I am not disturbed by the sudden knowledge that my jacket has got the strangle-hold on me, or that my vest is laboring under the impression that I am air and to be compressed. Nothing rucks up; I am merely in an outer loose-fitting skin, which, since we wear it so much for purely climatic reasons, is what our dress ought to be.

It may not be more picturesque than a frock coat, but it certainly has a much better line of the figure.

I am not only more at ease in my work, but also in my play. There is no drag of suspenders to stiffen my swing at golf, no loose ends to get in the way bicycling or fishing. I keep this dress for work or play; for social observances I still use the approved uniforms. I have been urged to call it the Struggle-for-life or the Hustler, but my deep-rooted modesty forbids me to call it anything but the Jepson. After all, Gladstone will go down to posterity as the inventor of the traveling-bag which bears his name. Why should I not take a like line to that destination?

—*Edgar Jepson.*

Arbuckle's Cane

IN 1899, while in London for an American newspaper, Karl Edwin Harriman, the novelist, lived with Macklyn Arbuckle, who plays in George Ade's County Chairman, but who then was playing in Why Smith Left Home, at the Strand Theatre. Arbuckle left London in late August, and wired to Harriman from Liverpool to bring to him (Arbuckle) a certain walking-stick that he had forgotten. Harriman was going back to America about a fortnight later, and Arbuckle requested him to leave the stick at The Lambs Club in New York.

Harriman took the stick to New York, where he met Judge Harriman, his father, and, stopping only an hour in the city, turned over the stick to the elder Harriman, with an injunction to leave it at The Lambs for Arbuckle. Now, the elder Harriman, who also had spent the summer in Europe, had a very dear, old friend in his home town, Ann Arbor, and, as he was about to leave New York, he suddenly realized that he had not brought this old friend a gift. His eye fell on the cane. Why not give him that?—the son's injunction having been forgotten, quite, let us hope. Well and good.

The elder Harriman takes the cane to Ann Arbor and presents it to his dear, old friend, who delightedly accepts it. This all took place in the fall of 1899.

Karl Harriman never knew but that his father had left the stick at The Lambs till the middle of the following winter, when, on a visit to his people, the dear, old friend of his father showed up with the cane, which the younger Harriman at once recognized, but said nothing—only smiled. A year ago last September the elder Harriman's old friend died, and the daughter, a week later, said to the Judge:

"I want you to have something of father's, and am going to ask you to accept his cane."

The elder Harriman took the stick. He didn't carry a stick, and in the five years had forgotten all about it; so when he visited his son the following Christmas he brought, among other gifts, the cane, and gave it to his son.

It was last autumn that the Bill Board at Battle Creek, where Karl Harriman was then living, announced the appearance of Macklyn Arbuckle in The County Chairman. On the day of the play, Harriman went down to the hotel, but before he reached there he saw Arbuckle on the other side of the street.

Crossing over, he came up behind the actor, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said, holding out the stick:

"Mac, here's your cane."

Arbuckle nearly dropped dead. In seven years that stick, with no effort on the part of any one implicated, had made a circle of half a dozen people and four thousand miles, and had now "jest nacherally" fallen into the hand of its original owner, who had himself been given it by an old friend of his father's in the little Scotch town where the elder Arbuckle was born.

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I consider a caricature of myself in "fancy [illegible]" and I've bought cheap stuff that made me look like the Low [illegible]

[illegible] I say [illegible] for me.

Reasons—I am getting [illegible] — Kaufman Garments at $[illegible] — [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] — they [illegible] — [illegible] yourself.

And I [illegible] that style [illegible] and I insist on [illegible] the word "guaranteed" [illegible] a matter of costly hand work—but of [illegible]

[illegible] on *permanence of shape*.

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And [illegible] this "shrink tendency" [illegible] in the [illegible] the cloth [illegible] of a [illegible] garment [illegible] of [illegible] is there to make trouble after the [illegible] are in [illegible]

The first time dampness hits your [illegible] that it gets busy with the [illegible] tendency of [illegible] and your [illegible] [illegible] — and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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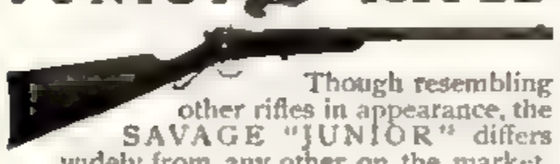
JUNIOR RIFLE



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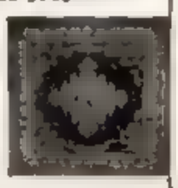

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CONFESSIONS OF A JUROR

(*Concluded from Page 5*)

defense—no justification. Stanton must die.

"You're right," whispered Smith, leaning over to me. "This is rot. There's nothing in it. We haven't any choice."

As Farr continued, his voice rolled and thundered and his figures of speech grew more and more rhetorical.

"Tear out the stars from the American flag," he exclaimed, his tones echoing among the cornices. "Trample its crimson bars to earth, but never say that we as a nation have lost our chivalry!"

It seemed to me a depressing anti-climax, but on the newspapers, at least, Farr was making an impression. The messenger boys could hardly feed the wires fast enough. The District Attorney was in sharp contrast to his adversary. He dwelt upon the law, on the solemnity of our oaths, on the absurd and flimsy character of the evidence touching on Stanton's mental condition at the time of the homicide. He attacked Farr with a merciless logic and withering sarcasm that made us ashamed to have even for an instant believed that the defense had been interposed in good faith. Under the searchlight of his analysis, we were compelled to acknowledge the flimsy character of this inhuman pretext, and see how, in reality, it afforded the most conclusive evidence of the real motive which had animated Stanton to take his enemy's life. He annihilated the so-called expert testimony of the defense, and showed us plainly enough that our choice lay merely between deliberately violating our oaths and convicting the defendant of the crime of which he stood accused.

Stanton's ordinarily yellow face had turned quite white during this arraignment, and Katherine had dropped her head and covered her face with her hands. Even Farr was obviously disturbed. The fierce storm had beaten down every one of his flowers of rhetoric to earth and left them prostrate and mud-stained. The air of the courtroom seemed to have turned cold. We looked toward the Judge.

It was several minutes before his Honor spoke, and when at last he broke the silence he seemed to be reading the burial of the dead. The hundreds who sat in the big room hardly breathed. Evidently the Judge felt that ours was but a perfunctory duty.

He impressed upon us the importance of the case and the far-reaching consequences of our verdict. The majesty of the law and the sovereignty of the people must be upheld. He ceased, and a pall descended upon us all. The panoply of war, the salvos of forensic artillery, the sharp crack of the "objection," the fierce heat of the combat, the glamour of the conflict had disappeared; the burial party was at work, and the firing squad would follow—twelve men drawn by lot to do that which had to be done. I remember feeling faint and having difficulty in rising to my feet when the Judge said, "You may retire, gentlemen," and, as I passed out with the others, although I did not look, I knew that Stanton's eyes and those of his wife were fixed upon my face and that my coat had brushed against his mother's skirt.

We were the sickest-looking dozen of men who ever stumbled into a jury-room. For at least ten minutes no one had the courage to speak, and we all walked nervously about the room or sat biting our nails at the table. At last, because I was foreman, I said I thought we ought to begin our deliberations.

No one answered me, but one by one they sank into their chairs, like a board meeting of undertakers.

"I suppose," I began faintly, "that—that we should discuss the evidence before—before——"

"Mr. Foreman," interrupted one of the younger men, an electrician, "I anticipate that there is little likelihood, after the address of the District Attorney and the Judge's charge, of any disagreement on our part. Would it not be as well to put a few general questions as to the condition of the defendant's mind, and then, if we are in accord upon those, at once to submit the final question of his guilt?"

There was a nodding of heads. One glance at that row of hard, set faces was enough to see that Stanton's fate was already determined. These men had sworn to do their duty—and would do it, even to sacrificing their own brothers.

"Very well," said I. "Are there any here who, after his Honor's charge, regard the facts related by the defendant's wife as constituting any legal justification for his act?"

There was no reply. I believe each one of us was thinking of how she had looked that first day on the witness stand.

"Then," I continued, "is there any one who has a doubt, reasonable or otherwise, that the defendant was mentally responsible when he shot the deceased?"

Again there was silence. Outside, at a considerable distance, I could hear the buzzing of an electric surface car, coming nearer and nearer.

Suddenly Smith whinnied and, throwing his head on his arms, began to cry in big, grunting sobs. Two or three of the jurors started to their feet, and my own voice stuck in my throat. We all saw just what it meant. It was as if we had voted already. The ballot did not need to be taken.

One of the jurors, a young fellow, went to the window, and the man next me clucked when he breathed. I wanted to stop Smith, simply because he was putting us all in a blue funk, but, when I tried to whisper to him, my lips trembled so that I gave it up and just patted his arm.

Every man jack of them looked as if he had seen a ghost.

Then the oldest one, the twelfth, a sour-visaged, hook-nosed, white-bearded New Englander, in a matter-of-fact tone, said rapidly:

"Let us ask Divine guidance for what we are about to do," and, almost before we could assent, had dropped on his knees.

"O God," he prayed nasally, "whose help each of us did invoke at the beginning of this our service, give us courage to do that which we have sworn to perform. Strengthen the weak-hearted, guide and control our minds, and give us Thy help. Amen."

As he clipped out the words the sacrilege of it got hold of me, and I almost wanted to throttle him for a cold-blooded executioner. Any one could see what he intended to do—what they all intended to do. In the silence which followed a fellow on the street went by under the window whistling Give My Regards to Broadway. I saw Stanton's pale face beside that of his wife as I had that first day in the courtroom.

Some one was saying to pass the box and have it over with. And I saw the white-headed old vulture pick it up and begin to move slowly round. Then I saw Stanton again holding out his arms in a piteous appeal for life, and the face of his wife gazing at me in agonized entreaty.

"I can't," I cried hoarsely to myself; "I can't do it. I can't be the one to send him to the chair!" Then the old man with the box came to where I stood, and I put in my hand.

Up to that instant I had been in a fever of excitement, with my teeth almost chattering, but the touch of the marbles in the box brought me to my senses. Then and there I calmly resolved to do a dishonorable, despicable thing—to violate my oath—to avail myself of the secrecy of the ballot to cause a disagreement and give Stanton another chance. Like a traitor I felt for a white marble and slipped it in. Then I sickened at what I had done, but it was too late. The old fellow laid the box in front of me, and said:

"The foreman will count the ballots."

Judas that I was, I hardly dared look at my fellow-jurymen as I stepped to the table. I had had no doubt of Stanton's guilt any more than the rest of them, yet I had betrayed the State and broken my oath—I, the foreman of the jury! Now there would have to be another trial—the whole horrible thing over again!

I set my teeth, and threw open the cover. Then I rubbed my eyes. A wave of utter humiliation and disgust at myself and my fellows swept over me—a nauseating contempt for all of us.

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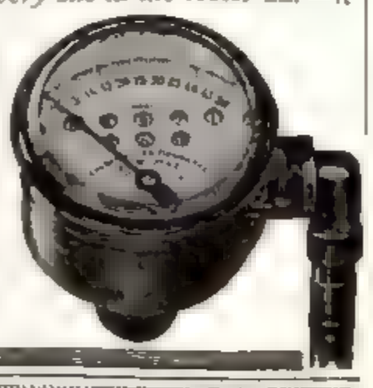

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THE THIRD HAND

(Continued from Page 15)

"Miss Shattuck!" Then a silence. "Jeffreys!" Then more loudly and with a rising note of alarm, "Miss Shattuck!"

IX

THE nurse started up in dismay and ran to the door. She motioned for me to stay back as she opened it. The hallway itself was unlighted. So I followed her out, at a venture.

The woman was calling from the head of the stairs. I could just make out the black mass of her figure in the dim light from an open doorway to the left.

"*Who is in this house?*" called the shrill voice above.

"What is it?" asked the nurse temporizingly, as she motioned me back into the deeper gloom toward the vestibule.

"Who is in this house?" demanded the woman at the head of the stairs, the note of authority high above that of alarm.

"It's the man from the Edison Company to inspect the wiring," I whispered into the nurse's ear. I found myself clutching her tight by the arm.

"It's a wire inspector from the Edison Company," answered the nurse. I could hear the street-noises in the silence that followed. I stepped softly back and closed the inner vestibule door, for a chance opening of the outer portal might at any moment betray my presence there. Carefully as I closed that door, it broke the dead silence of the listening house.

"Did he go?" asked the girl, hearing the sound.

"Yes," I whispered. "Say: 'Yes.'"

"He has just gone," answered the nurse.

"Then tell Jeffreys to lock up, please, and to see to the lights," she called down, more easily.

I backed away quickly as she spoke, backed into the remotest corner of the hall. For the woman at the stair-head had suddenly lifted a hand and switched on the electrolier that rose from the high carved figure of a water nymph rising out of the banister beside her.

I could see her then, as distinctly as though she had been bathed in sunlight. Her hat was off, but she still wore her coat and the black lynx boa over her shoulders. I could see the Roman braid of deep chestnut, the pale ivory of the still girlish face, the thin yet well-poised body, the birdlike side movements of the head, the childish willfulness of the half-pouting lips, very red, and drooping a little at the corners.

"You must go—oh, please go!" whispered the nurse, through the darkness. But I stood there without moving, watching the figure above.

For the girl had slipped down to the floor on the landing, crooning like a child. She threw back one end of the boa, and I noticed the quick, restless motion or two of her left hand.

Then, for a moment or two, she studied the gloved fingers of her right hand, pressing them back and forth idly, and all the while singing quietly to herself. Yet, when she looked up, her eyes had the vague indirection of stare that one sees in a sleepwalker.

Then, with a quick little laugh, she raised the gloved hand up before her staring eyes. *It came away from her body without a sound; it swung free, like the limb of a broken doll.*

X

AN AUDIBLE gasp broke from my lips, a gasp of wonder and horror.

The girl herself must have heard it, for she started to her feet with a scream. As she did so the arm fell from her fingers, rolled forward to the step-edge, balanced there a moment, and then came tumbling and falling down the bare wooden stairway, step by step, rolling out almost to my feet.

It was a gloved thing of steel and wood, a jointed and buckled mechanism as insensate as the boards across which it lay.

"See, see! There goes my Other Self!" cried the girl shrilly, crazily, as she watched that rolling and horrible limb. There seemed something comic in its movement to her, something wild and ridiculous, for she burst into a sudden peal of laughter. It was the laughter that leads to hysteria, to delirium, and in a moment she was sobbing and crying insanely, "My Other Self! My Other Self!" and the nurse was almost dragging me toward the street door.

"You *must* go. You must leave this house," she commanded, with a low note of authority, of finality, that left me a little afraid of her.

"But I can't go now. You forget what I came for."

"Can't you see it's useless—now? That it's worse than cruel?"

"Yes; but still I can't go."

"I tell you, you *must!*"

She drew away from me, in the gloom, and I heard the pregnant, metallic movement of a door-lock.

"Leave this house!" she almost screamed. I felt no twinge of pity before the tragedy of her tortured voice, for I followed a calling on which Sentiment always rode ill. But I drew back involuntarily before her sudden, fierce onslaught. And before I had quite realized it she had thrust me far enough through the open door to slam and lock and bolt it in my face.

I contemplated it, a little angrily, a little threateningly. Then, I think, I laughed out loud, almost glad of the cool night air that blew on my face, beaded with sweat. I had met with defeat, but I could still return to the field.

XI

IT WAS precisely twenty minutes past two, in the dead of night, that I returned.

Just what reaction of feeling took me back I no longer tarried to understand. Yet I knew it was not so much the quest of what was rightfully my own as the sting of frustration under which I had last crept away from that quiet and unbetraying mask of graystone behind which such unexpected things had been said and done. More than ever, at this new shift of things I wanted to see the end of the game for the game's sake.

My avenue of approach was a discreetly indirect one, and carefully watching my chance I tried the basement doors of three different apartment-houses on Riverside Drive. The lock of the third one was suited to my keys, so I let myself in, and crept along the entire length of the asphalted corridor, past dumb-waiter and elevator shafts, a furnace and engine room, ash-barrels and whitewashed walls, to the rear of the building, where a door barred my way out. The mere sliding of a bolt, however, brought me freedom. I found myself in a little court crossed and recrossed by pulley-lines and backed by a high board fence.

I scrambled over this fence as noiselessly as possible. My one fear at this juncture was dogs. The house I wanted was still two courts to the south, so I had still two more high board fences, one of them surmounted by an espalier of barb-wire. This wire I cut with my pocket pliers. Then I slipped on my face-mask, made from the back of an old glove: I did not care to be recognized in the house before me.

Nor was it an inviting place, I found, after I had dropped quietly into the court and spent a minute or two in studious inspection of its vine-covered back wall. Every window on the first and second floors was heavily barred. The door itself was impregnable. And from the number of wires I saw leading out into space, faintly visible in the clear starlight, I realized that the place was equipped with a complete nervous-system of signal-circuits, that the slightest contact with any one of them would be my irreparable undoing.

Groping about the court I found two empty dog-kennels. These, put on end against the wall, made it possible for me to get a footing in the loops of the wistaria branches, the lower main-stalks being carefully boxed and spiked. I worked upward and outward toward the southern corner of the house, where the vines ran into a framework studded with insulators.

My first task was to cut and "kill" every wire that was not a light or power circuit. I applied my pliers to everything within reach, but even then I was uncertain if a Holmes or a Metropolitan Protective line did not still run from the front of the house. I worked my way carefully upward, however, along the swaying vines, sometimes slipping and breaking through—sometimes, as the growth became more tenuous, finding it next to impossible to get a footing.

XII

THE city was very quiet. Only now and then the whistle of a river-boat tore a hole in the silence. I was hot and breathing hard by the time I reached the third-story

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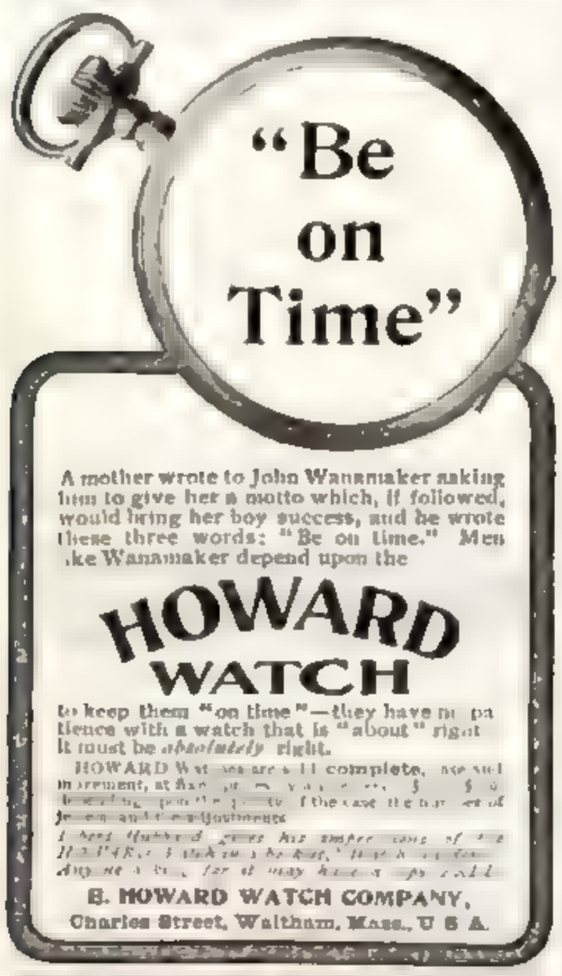
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window. It was, in fact, two windows, side by side, with only a graystone column between them. Set in the glass pane of one was a brass ventilator, spinning slowly with its suction of air. I tried this window and then the next. Both were securely locked. I worked my way higher, and at last got a footing on the broad sill. The blinds were drawn; there was no sign of life within. Then I quietly and methodically proceeded to follow what would be 'Frisco Slim's plan of campaign in such cases.

I first glued my spare piece of glove-back to the upper pane, just above the sash fastening, leaving it there to harden while I worked. Then I took out my glass-cutter (it was merely a diamond chip sunk in a piece of steel) and slowly drew a half moon on the pane, just above the sash cross-bar.

Then I crouched there, waiting and listening, for my next move could not be made without its fitting accompaniment. That accompaniment came with the sound of a prolonged ferry-whistle from the Hudson. As it boomed out through the night I struck the half-moon a sharp blow with the steel of my glass-cutter. The crack, following the line of least resistance, fell directly along the diamond scratch.

I pulled gently outward on the bit of glued glove-back. As I did so the segment of glass came with it. Then I listened again before reaching in a carefully exploring hand. As I had expected, the burglar-alarm wires were there. So I reached in again, this time with my pliers, and the muffled *snip-snip* of the parting metal told me that one more danger had been overcome. I unlocked the sash, muffling the catch with my hand to deaden any possible sound. Then I slowly, cautiously, raised the window, inch by inch. A moment later I stood inside the room.

I waited there by the window without a movement. During that wait both eye and ear and nostril were terribly alive and alert. I could even hear the quick, regular pump of my own heart.

I always hated operating above the first story. The house, too, was still a network of unknown wires; the jar of a door or the touch of a button might spell catastrophe. And all women, and especially all invalids, were notoriously unsettled and uncertain sleepers.

There was neither light nor sound in the room where I stood. But something warned me that the room was a bedroom and that it was occupied. I knew this instinctively, in the same way that a wild animal can sniff life far down the wind.

It caused me to drop low, on my hands and knees, as I moved forward. But still I heard no sound beyond the occasional gentle creaking of my own knee-cap. My outstretched fingers came in contact with heavy, cool metal, highly polished. I felt it cautiously, inch by inch. It was the burnished brass rods of a bed. I was at the foot of it, for I could feel a coverlet between the heavy rods.

XIII

I ROSE to my feet slowly, until I stood upright. As I did so I was struck lightly on the coat-sleeve by something—by a mysterious something that sent a tingle of terror up and down my backbone. I threw up a hand instinctively, for I knew that moving Thing, whatever it was, had not been touched or liberated by me. Again I felt it; and this time I caught at it with my frenzied fingers, clutching it with strained attention.

Then a second tingle of apprehension went through me. For the thing that had swung out toward me was the wooden drop button of an electric light, swaying on its insulated cords from the ceiling above the bed.

What stung me into sudden alertness was the fact that some hand other than mine had started its movement. Somebody on the bed before me had held and released it. Somebody facing me had thought to turn on the light, but through fear, or cunning, or weakness had not done so! There was danger, imminent danger, there before me, confronting me.

I dropped my right hand with the quickness of thought, and drew my short-barreled yegger's revolver. The bed might be already empty. There was no sound, no movement. Perhaps I was already trapped.

On calmer second thoughts I knew no one could have slipped from that bed without my knowing or hearing it. Whatever was awaiting me or threatening me was still there on the bed.

I brought my right arm down and forward, leaning low over the brass foot-rail, as far forward as I could reach. Once sure my revolver covered the head of the bed, I cocked the trigger. The snap of the spring sounded like an explosion. Then the thumb of my upraised left hand, which still clung to the little wooden bulb on the wire-end, pushed upward on the compressible button.

The movement flooded the room with light—blinding white light, that left sense dazed for a second of uncertainty. Then the scene that lay before my eyes suddenly flashed back and registered in the camera of consciousness. It left there a picture as minute and vivid and indelible as a photographic impression.

XIV

IN THE wide, white bed before me, within three feet of me, half-sat, half-huddled the woman of the third arm. Her eyes were wide and staring. The skin of her face and neck looked blue-white, and I could see the blue veins at her throat and temples. Her lips were parted and colorless, and her lower jaw had fallen away a little, so that as her bosom suddenly began to pump up and down I could distinctly hear the short, quick breath wheeze through her parted teeth.

Never before, in all my days, had I beheld such terror, such inarticulate and motionless and impotent terror, as she wheezed and panted there, staring past the barrel of my menacing revolver to my own black-masked face above her at the foot of the bed.

The blue-white of her eyeballs never varied, never moved. But a slow, convulsive tremor shook her huddled body. She seemed to draw and shiver up into a mummy-like mockery of herself. She seemed to crumple and warp together by the contraction of all the chords in her fragile body. As she did so, I caught sight of a pigskin wallet clutched crazily in her fingers. It was my own—the wallet that held my stolen money.

I bent forward and tore it from her unresisting clutch with one sweep of my left arm. As I did this, one tortured, involuntary scream of abject terror burst on my ears. With a galvanic movement, as quick as the snap of a released watch-spring, the woman's over-tensioned frame rebounded and fell backward over the edge of the bed.

Some shadow of that terror leaped to my own heart. I sprang for the window. Even before I had it open I heard the sound of voices and running footsteps. So I swung out, clinging to the vines, on one side of the sill, not daring to move.

As I clung there, flat against the wall, I could hear the cries of alarm in the bedroom, the sounds on the floor as the girl was lifted back to the bed, the hurried calls and orders, the distant tinkle of a telephone bell. Then I heard the voice of the nurse, coaxing, soothing, reassuring, and above it suddenly the second great cry of the girl.

It was like the cry of a sleeper awakened: "*Oh, my head—my head!*" It was the voice of reason, of sanity, of release. "*It's—it's different! It's all come back! My arm's alive again!*"

I half-slid, half-scrambled down the vines, though as I did so I could hear the quiet but happy sobbing of the woman on the bed. *The explosion had reunited the gases!*

The Great Shaw

IN HIS undistinguished youth Bernard Shaw met a young woman at a dinner party who professed to be able to read character from writing. Mr. Shaw scoffed and scouted her. It so happened that the host had just got a typewriter, and, as the discussion grew somewhat animated, Mr. Shaw remarked that here, at least, was one kind of writing which would reveal nothing. The young woman stood by her guns, and declared that she could read from type as well as from script, and challenged Mr. Shaw to the test.

Picking out the letters one by one, he wrote his first name. Then he saw that he had used only capitals, and, shifting to the lower-case, he wrote his last name. When he had finished he held out to her the result: "BERNARD shaw."

"Plain as day," the young woman said. "It is your idea that, though there are a good many Shaws in the world, they are an undistinguished lot. You alone are Bernard, and your name is great."

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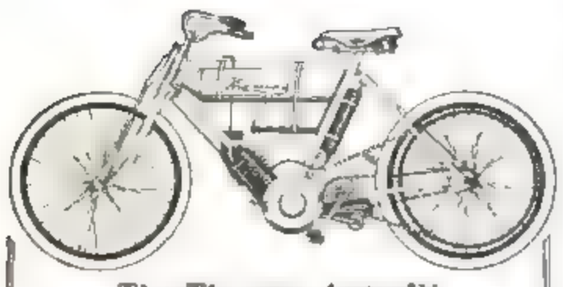

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BEATRIX AND BENEDICT

(Continued from Page 10)

concocted, with much revision, on his homeward way, she said scornfully:

"What wud he be sendin' the durthy stuff to me fur? 'Tis an ugly ould color, annyway."

But Norton noticed that by dinner-time the heather was sitting in her treasured old blue teapot.

The independent little woman repaid the gift next day. She said to Norton that, if he thought his wanderings would take him to St. Kevin's Kitchen about five, she'd send his tea there. Norton thanked her with an innocent face.

Just at the hour, while O'Byrne was relating the adventures of Cormac O'Byrne, a shock-headed gossoon arrived with a large tea-basket. Norton received it with a word of surprise.

"Well, it's convenient," he added, as he opened it; "and here's two of everything."

O'Byrne's mouth worked, but he sat indifferently on the tomb of King O'Toole, and said nothing.

"You might as well eat, I suppose," suggested Norton. "It will save you a journey home."

"Better a wren in the hand than a crane promised, belike," said O'Byrne, his eyes resolutely turned from the basket.

Mrs. O'Toole was a good provider. O'Byrne's eyes took on a happy expression as he ate the crisp toasted scones melting in butter, and drank the perfect tea. He spoke no word till the last atom had gone.

"Hivin send I can walk home," he said contentedly.

"A great cook," agreed Norton.

"These scones is afther her own rayceipt," said O'Byrne reminiscently. "Skylark and lamb she called thim, afther the story of St. Kevin. You've heard about why there are no skylarks in Glendalough?"

"No."

"Well, the saint had slathers uv workmen buildin' these churches fur him, and in thim days 'twas the custom fur the workday to begin whin the lark rose and end whin the lambs laid down. Well, you know the haythenish hour the lark rises? So thim poor men were fair wore thin wid worrk, and they struck in a polite way. They wint to the saint houldin' out their poor thin hands. Says he: 'Niver shall a lark agin be seen in Glendalough, and the lambs shall lie down befure sunset.' So Kathleen O'Toole called her scones skylark and lamb, fur she said she was called on to make thim befure sunrise and afther sunset, they was that pop'lar."

"You certainly should thank her for this grand feed," said Norton.

O'Byrne stiffened.

"I'll send me thanks be you," he said.

Yet the next day he spoke to her for the first time in nearly forty years. He and Norton were walking along St. Kevin's road in the direction of the post-office, when Mrs. O'Toole appeared, carrying the materials for Norton's supper.

"Speak to her," said Norton hastily. "Think of her years of regret and loneliness."

The two neared each other, O'Byrne stiffening in his walk, Mrs. O'Toole tossing her head high and looking far into space. Then O'Byrne took off his cap in an unaccustomed way, and remarked in a cracked voice:

"Mrs. O'Toole, ma'am, permit me to thank you fur yer gracious tay uv yesterday."

Mrs. O'Toole responded with a stiff curtesy.

"'Twas no handsomer nor your heather, Mr. O'Byrne, sorr."

And so Norton had engineered them across the Rubicon. But each was reticent with him for a day or two. Then they began to nod to each other when they met. Sometimes O'Byrne walked home with Norton, and leaned for a moment on the front gate for a word with Mrs. O'Toole, but he never entered the house, nor could Norton persuade her to go in the direction of St. Kevin's Kitchen, nor even so far as the graves of the O'Tooles. Here their progress seemed to halt, and there came a day when Norton feared retrogression. It was on a Saturday afternoon, and he and O'Byrne, who had been given a holiday, were proceeding to Rathdrum to see the local cattle show. On the road ahead of them they saw the tiny, upright figure of

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Gross sales last year (1906)	5,177,403.48
Net profit first year (1893	$ 812.59
Net profit last year (1906	278,906.08

Note the net profit for the year 1906 ($278,906.08). Only $175,000.00 is required to pay the 7% dividend on the entire issue—$2,500,000 Preferred Stock.

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Mrs. O'Toole. They soon joined her. Then suddenly up a side road came a small woman in a bright blue cloak.

"'Tis Kathleen O'Farrell: I'd know that cloak annywhere," said O'Byrne.

"I'll be lavin' you here," said Mrs. O'Toole, in a high, unnatural voice. "I've changed me mind about Rathdrum."

She left them, walking down the road up which Kathleen O'Farrell was coming.

"I wonder if she's ill?" said Norton.

"Niver sick a day in her life," said O'Byrne. "She doesn't want our comp'ny; that's all."

Norton poohpoohed the idea, but on his return home he began to fear that there might be something in it, for at supper-time Mrs. O'Toole treated him with marked coldness. When she was bidding him good-night she said: "I left you a bit suddent to-day, but I've never been able to bear the sight of Kathleen O'Farrell's blue cloak. I wore ut the worst bad day uv me life."

She was rather grave for a day or two, though friendly to Norton. But he was amazed to see the hostility she displayed to O'Byrne the first time she chanced to pass him. She went by with an angry stare, and later, when Norton wanted an explanation, all she would say was:

"There are some things a woman can't furgive; niver."

"It was jist afther we saw Kathleen O'Farrell," reflected O'Byrne one day, "that she begun her tanthrums. I wonder was she jealous of Kathleen O'Farrell? If she'd heard what I done to her she'd have had no call."

"What did you do?" asked Norton indifferently.

"Well," said O'Byrne with a sheepish smile, "d'ye see, I met Kathleen O'Farrell that great patthern day I tould you uv whin me and Mick done up the O'Tooles. I was walkin' along jist befure it got dark in the direction uv the O'Toole cottage wid me kind offer to pay damages, whin out sthips Kathleen O'Farrell from the hedge. She was all kivered up in her cloak, and what does the bould huzzy do—I tould you she was afther me—what does she do but cast hersilf in me arrms wid a cry. Bedad, I was drunk, and I wasn't wishful fur this Kathleen, and I thought uv the blissid example uv St. Kevin, and so I grabbed a handful uv nettles out the hedge and slapped thim in the face uv her. I was dhrunk or I'd have jist give her a kindly shove in the direction uv home. But I bet she niver tould."

Norton was half laughing, half indignant.

"Upon my word, O'Byrne, you don't begin to be good enough for Mrs. O'Toole."

"Who said I wanted her?" asked O'Byrne truculently.

Norton mentioned O'Byrne's story to Mrs. O'Toole. It was Sunday afternoon, and he was rowing her to St. Kevin's Bed. They had had a serious argument before he would consent, for the doughty little woman intended to climb into it. Well she knew that any woman brave enough to climb unaided up the rock would never suffer from a pain in her back, to say nothing of her great toe and little toe. Mrs. O'Toole had been visited with a black backache all week, and she intended to cure it. As they rowed across the black, beautiful waters of the Upper Lake they noticed a floating boat.

"It's jist come loose from the landing," said Mrs. O'Toole. "Nobody's drowned out uv it. Nobody cud drown here, fur whin he pushed in Kathleen the saint said no one ilse shud drown in Glendalough watera. 'Tis an ugly blue the boat's painted."

The color reminded Norton of Kathleen O'Farrell's cloak, and he told her the story of O'Byrne and the nettles. At the close of his recital he looked up and saw that Mrs. O'Toole's face was white.

"Oh, are you ill?" he cried. "Sha'n't I row back? Is it a pain?"

"Yis, 'tis a pain," she said with a wry smile; "but 'twill cure prisently."

She was chattering rapidly by the time they reached the cliff in which lay St. Kevin's Bed. Adjoining it was a slanting hollow. With some difficulty, but a sure foot, Mrs. O'Toole climbed the perilous height and stood in the hollow.

"Sure, all right," she said. "Do you run up to Reefert church. I must make the prayers be me lone."

"I'll come back for you soon," he shouted, stepping back into the boat.

After he had gone, Mrs. O'Toole walked down the slanting rock and slipped around the angle into St. Kevin's Bed. She trod

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on something soft. Shutting her eyes, she sat down hastily, clutching at the rock for safety. She then discovered that she was sitting on the feet of Kevin O'Byrne, who was staring at her open-mouthed. Then O'Byrne had one of the few inspirations that had ever visited him.

"I know you didn't know I was here, Kathleen," he said. "I often come to shmoke me Sundah poipe, and the boat got away from me."

"Oh, Kevin! Oh, Kevin!" she said; "that was me that day that had on Kathleen O'Farrell's cloak, and I was comin' to ask you to ——"

"And I was goin' to offer to ——"

"Pay thim money," they said together.

"And whin you hit me I wint back and sthirred thim up more than iver agin you."

Mrs. O'Toole was sobbing.

"I was blind drunk," groaned O'Byrne.

"Ah, and the sons and daughters I moight have had growin' up about me!" moaned the little old woman.

"They'd all have been married be this toime," said O'Byrne, "and there's some good years befure us yit."

"What's the matter?" shouted Norton's voice below. "Who's that with Mrs. O'Toole?"

They leaned out and looked down on him.

"Go and capchure me boat, and thin do you go home in ut alone, loike a good man," said O'Byrne. "Me and Mrs. O'Toole is fixin' the day, glory be!"

The Senator's Secretary

(Concluded from Page 17)

are opposed to this segregation of timber land, because they uncomfortably know that if their friends are caught cutting Government timber the Government has a rude and uncouth way of sending the cutters to jail.

To end these varied outrages on a free and independent people they labored hard over the Agricultural Appropriation bill and put therein a provision that gave Congress the sole right of establishing forest reservations. Congress was to be supreme. This solved the difficulty, for it was reasonably certain that Congress would do nothing the men who know about timber lands did not want done. They fixed up a law and chuckled. It was great, simply great! For when that bill was signed there would be an end to this foolish policy of President Roosevelt's.

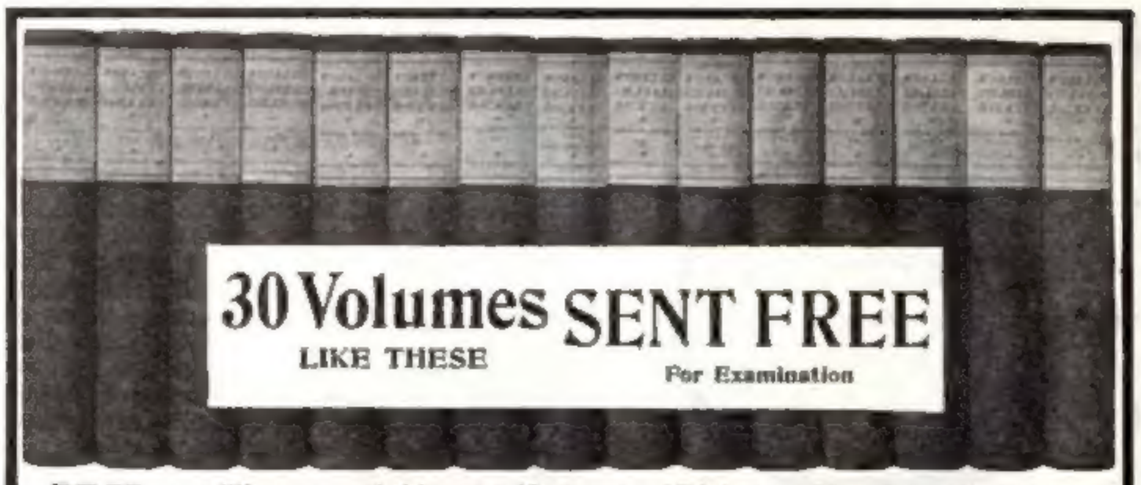
The law went to the President. Now, Colonel Roosevelt is a reasonably handy man. He can grasp a situation as quickly as any man and quicker than most. He looked the bill over. He saw the provision giving Congress sole power in forest reservation matters. Then he signed the bill, did he? Oh, yes, he signed the bill, but not so immediately that his action might be called precipitate.

Before he signed it he issued a proclamation putting seventeen million acres of timber land in various parts of the West into forest reservations—seventeen million acres of the best land with trees on it, the land the timber sharks have been hungering for. He had the authority to do this under the old law, and he invoked that old law before he abrogated it by signing the new law. Then he smiled sweetly and signed the new law, first making sure his proclamation was effective.

"If Congress desires to do anything about this," he said, "Congress can go ahead and do it, but prithee, Congress, do not think I do not know where to get off on a proposition of this character," or words to that general effect. What the patriots who had timber designs said when they heard about those seventeen million acres of fine trees he had saved for the Government would make the dome of the Capitol blush, and while the patriots were saying it there came echoing down Pennsylvania Avenue, from the direction of the White House, three distinct "Ha, ha's!"

General Grosvenor's swan-songing continued to the last moment. He was crying into his whiskers ten minutes before Congress adjourned this time, because the members of the House gave him a testimonial of its esteem and regard in the shape of a chest of silver, containing every unnecessary silver table utensil known to the craft of the silversmiths. Next day he called on the President. "I do not want a job, Mr. President," he said.

"I am de-light-ed to see you," said the President. "I trust you will have a happy journey homeward."



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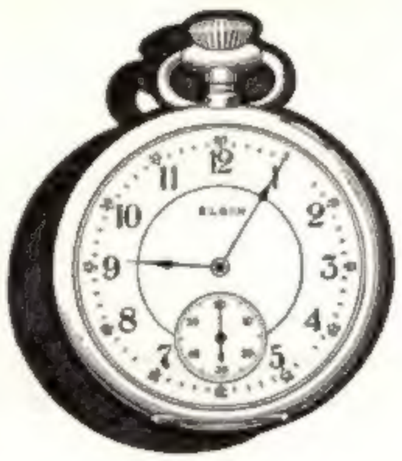

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(P)

The Coming Parliament of Man

(*Concluded from Page 7*)

sûreté, dressed them in plain clothes, and instructed them how to act. As a result, instead of there being any tumult, everything passed off in perfect order. The horses were removed quietly, the traces were handed over to a practiced team of devotees, and the Archbishop, instead of being martyred, was transported to his new home in perfect safety. It was not till the following day that the Catholics discovered that the devout enthusiasts who drew the carriage through the streets were the agents of the Government, against whom the parade was arranged as a demonstration."

The story may be true, or it may only be well invented. But it is everywhere current in Paris, and its ready acceptance and the laughter which it excites show as well as anything else how far Parisians are from taking tragically the religious war.

An Irish priest, long resident in France, who is bitterly hostile to the Republic, nevertheless declares that the church has brought all her tribulations upon herself. She had become the church of the wealthy. She had heaped up riches for herself, and had built magnificent edifices for her own glory. But she had neglected the poor and the needy. She was in no living touch with the social aspirations of the working-classes, and now, when the hour of judgment and of doom has come, there is none to rally to the defense of the altar. This is probably an exaggeration, but there is enough truth in it to make it sting.

As to the utter ignorance of the Bible of the ordinary Frenchman, I had a curious illustration in my own experience. At the general election of 1900 I published a political pamphlet entitled The Candidates of Cain, dedicated to all candidates who approved of the Boer War. A French publisher asked to be allowed to bring it out in a French translation in Paris. "But," he said, "you must give us another title. Nobody in France knows who Cain is." On repeating this to some literary friends in Paris, they declared the publisher was right. "Are none of the Biblical characters known to this generation of Frenchmen?" I asked.

"Not one," was the reply. "Nobody reads the Bible in France."

"Stay," said another friend. "I think we have most of us heard of Joseph, but that is only because of that little affair with Potiphar's wife."

To the really earnest, believing souls the present crisis is inexpressibly sad. But in the land of St. Louis and of Jeanne d'Arc there seem to be few such. There is more outward and visible sign of feeling on both sides in Italy than in France.

There seem to be more people interested in the proposal to construct a tunnel under the English Channel than in the attempt to sever the ancient ties which have united France to Rome for so many centuries. There is a disposition on the part of the French to regard the opposition of some of the English to the making of the tunnel as a slight upon the *entente cordiale*. It says little, they say, for the faith of our dear friends across the sea in the sincerity of our friendship, when they recoil with horror from a proposal to make the tunnel. There is no doubt that it could be made. The exact length of the tunnel under the sea would be twenty-four miles. There would be three miles of tunnel at each end of the land approach. It is estimated that it would take ten years to build; that it would cost £16,000,000, and that, as it would be worked by electricity, no difficulty would be met in securing its ventilation. It is proposed that two companies should be formed, one English, the other French, each to construct one-half of the tunnel.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of six articles on the great Peace Movement.

A Bluestocking

MRS. WHARTON, the novelist, has never described any blunder of the so-called smart set quite as pathetic as one that actually happened to herself. A young man of a particularly old family, who sat next her at dinner, said: "I'm terribly frightened to meet you, Mrs. Wharton," and when asked the origin of his terrors, explained: "I've always heard you're such a frightful blackleg!"

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Do you find it hard to keep good servants because of the troubles of wash-day?
Do you have to put your washing out, or have a washwoman in, because your girl will not do such work?
Do you have to keep a girl for no other reason than that you are not strong enough to do your own washings?
Do you depend on laundries?
If so, glance at the picture on the right, where the turning of a water faucet is the hardest work connected with the week's washing.
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Water pressure, or an ordinary electric light current (alternating or direct), will work this washer and do a big week's washing at a cost of 2 to 4 cents for the work.
All that is necessary to start the work is to turn a water faucet or an electric light key. Then you do nothing more.

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You don't have to tend this washer.
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Only a twist of your fingers to start or stop the washer, or switch the power to the wringer.
All the rest is done by the water, or the electricity and the "Self-Working Washer."
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The "Self-Working Washer" is as great an innovation to washing as automobiles are to locomotion—making mechanical power do the work human or animal force had to do before.
For the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash the finest linens, lawns and laces and get them spotlessly clean, without breaking a thread.
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To prove this, use a "1900 Self-Working Washer" **one full month FREE.**

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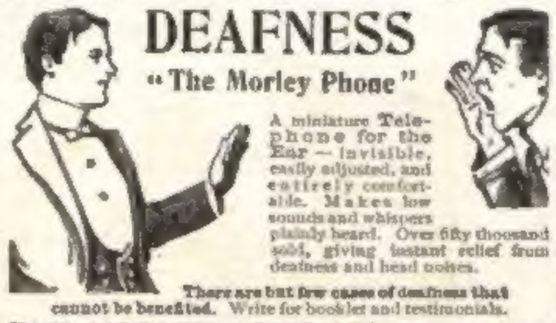

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